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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN	1
MR. H. A. JONES	4
PROF. HENRY MORLEY	6
THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH	9
MISS OLGA BRANDON	12
MR. J. M. BARRIE	14
VISCOUNT WOLSELEY	17
MISS LIZA LEHMANN	20
SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW	22
THE REV. DR. ADLER	25
THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH	28
DR. ROBSON ROOSE	30
PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK	33
LORD KELVIN (SIR WILLIAM THOMSON)	36
MISS JULIA NEILSON	39
THE RIGHT HON. A. W. PEEL	41
LADY CAREW	44
PROFESSOR BLACKIE	46
MR. HALL CAINE	49
MISS KATE RORKE	52
SIR JOHN GORST	54
MR. BEERBOHM TREE	57
LADY JEUNE	60
MR. SCHNADHORST	62
MR. J. R. DIGGLE	65

PAGE

MISS ADELAIDE DETCHON 68
MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON 70
MR. LEONARD COURTNEY 73
THE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE 76
MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON 79
SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH 81
MRS. "ALEXANDER" 84
MR. J. L. TOOLE 86
THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE 89
MISS DOD 92
SIR LYON PLAYFAIR 94

THE

CABINET PORTRAIT GALLERY.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

VICTORIA, our Queen, was born in the month of May, 1819, in the quaint and picturesque old palace of Kensington, a favourite residence with the later sovereigns of her race. Here she passed the greater part of her early years in complete retirement, preparing herself for the great destiny which awaited her, and acquiring that taste for domesticity and simplicity of life which has remained one of her leading characteristics.

By the wise care of her mother, the Duchess of Kent, the responsibilities rather than the splendour of her position were impressed upon her, and she early learnt to read aright or to ignore such pernicious doctrines as that the King can do no wrong, the Monarch is above the Law, the State is myself, and so on, which have wrecked the career of so many promising young princes who, as herself, were born to rule.

As is essential for a sovereign in this age of international intercourse, the linguistic powers of the Princess were so carefully trained that, though she never, as did the second Queen-regnant of England, addressed the representatives of the other Powers from the throne in classic phrase, she could with facility have conversed with most of them in their native tongue. Her own natural gift of eloquence was cultivated to a high degree, and for many years she prepared and in person delivered her speeches at the opening of Parliament. She has been most assiduous in encouraging her children to turn their attention in the same direction, and her influence can be traced in the excellent addresses delivered in public by the Prince of Wales, and in the well-chosen words of others among her children on similar occasions. Time was found, too, for the study of music, which afforded her great pleasure during the happiest parts of her life, and we have, from different sources, charming reminiscences of the hours which she and the

Prince Consort—himself a composer of some merit—spent over the organ and the piano at Windsor, Mendelssohn himself at times assisting in these amateur recitals. Her powers of literary appreciation are very great, and tax to the utmost her readers and others who attempt to satisfy her in this direction. Her Majesty has herself contributed to the libraries of her day two volumes, at an interval of sixteen years, under the title of "Leaves from the Journal of Our Life in the Highlands." The care of her daughter's health was another important item in the task which the Duchess of Kent marked out as her great work in life, and to it we may attribute the wonderful vigour which still permits Her Majesty to occupy herself with public affairs and private business with unflagging energy during as many hours of the day as the most hard-working of her subjects dedicate to their own transactions. More important than all was the high principle and stern sense of right which were inculcated in the future Queen while still a child, and which have since done so much to preserve the honour and purity of the English Court.

On June 20th, 1837, the young Princess Victoria succeeded to the throne of her uncle, the Sailor King, William IV., and twelve months later was witnessed the grand sight of her coronation in Westminster Abbey. Her marriage took place in due course, and then the twenty years of her seclusion were followed by other twenty when the happiness and tranquillity of domestic life were combined with rigorous attention to the affairs of State and brilliant interchange of courtesies with the sovereigns of other nations.

Those years had their difficulties and their dangers. Wars and rumours of wars often clouded the horizon: the tragedies of Afghan strife, the long suspense of the Crimean, the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, and many conflicts of lesser moment, occurred, each bringing about ministerial changes fraught with possibilities of ill; but our Queen was during this, the prime of her life, spared any great trouble of a private nature. Her children grew up around her, gifted with unusual talent and intelligence; her mother survived to enjoy the fruits of her long years of faithful guardianship; she was able to inspire each of the great statesmen grouped around her throne with the warmest interest and regard for her person, while the most perfect sympathy and devotion existed between herself and her husband, the Prince Consort, whose admirable tact and unfailing sympathy did so much to ensure the success of every measure undertaken by the Queen during the years of which we speak. Among other things, it will never be forgotten that Albert the Good was the pioneer of the idea of International

Brotherhood, which, under the form of the Great Exhibition, and its successors of subsequent years, did so much to bring the civilised races of the world together. He and the Queen were warned that this would be a source of danger to the State, by introducing within its boundaries the socialists and agitators of other nations, and by affording an excuse for those of our own to congregate together; but they persevered, and the results surpassed their most ardent hopes, while the fact that each country has in turn followed the illustrious example given, vouches for the success in every direction of the undertaking.

In 1858 the Royal pair arranged the marriage of their eldest daughter with the Crown Prince of Prussia, thus uniting the families of the two most popular monarchs of the day. Of yet greater importance is the fact that this was a union inspired by the most sincere affection—a great source of content to our Queen, who, true woman, is never so happy as when superintending a love-match.

Then came the year 1861, a dark one for our beloved sovereign. In its spring she lost her mother, and before it closed she was to find herself bereft of her husband. These were blows so crushing that it was years before she even in part recovered from them, and though she continued to transact her affairs with her former diligence and conscientious activity, she almost entirely ceased to assist at those public functions at which she had hitherto borne her part with so much dignity and grace.

A year and a half later Her Majesty gave her glad consent to the marriage of her eldest son, the Heir to the Throne, with the beautiful and charming daughter of the King of Denmark, and has since been able to transmit to her, as Princess of Wales, a portion of those social duties which weighed heavily upon her widowed life. No space can here be reserved for any description of the magnificent public works inaugurated during Her Majesty's reign, of the boundless tracts added by conquest and by discovery to her dominions, of the development of the resources of her country, of the importance of the great scientific discoveries made, of the work that has been done for the amelioration of the condition of the lower orders, of the events which led up to the new title of Empress of India being bestowed upon her, of the glittering scene of the Jubilee of 1887, or of other great national events, as this short record deals with Victoria of England as a woman rather than as a Queen.

MR. H. A. JONES.

THE familiar criticism which we hear so often applied to the literature and art of the present day, that they are the products of an age of transition, is especially true of our national drama. That, also, is suffering from the prevailing mental exhaustion out of which a new and but partially understood life is struggling to be born. The theatre-going public, as well as many of the playwrights themselves, are dimly conscious that something stronger than commonplace melodramas, and the comedies of the Robertson type, is demanded, if the English stage is not to become a bye-word. But what that something is, everybody is very undecided about. In the meantime we congratulate ourselves that we are better than our fathers, because we possess in the persons of men like Mr. A. W. Pinero and Mr. H. A. Jones authors who are producing plays which at any rate are not trivial nor commonplace, nor deficient in originality or high thinking. Of Mr. H. A. Jones it may be said that he himself is experiencing a transition from a lower to a higher form of his art. He is slowly climbing to that high level where play-writing ranks as literature, and where the drama becomes a worthy interpreter of national life. It is true he has much to unlearn, but every fresh play he gives us reveals the fact that he is shaking off the influence of the bad school in which he achieved many of his early successes.

He is a son of a Buckinghamshire farmer, and was born in 1851. He was sent out into the world to shift for himself at the age of thirteen, and long before he was out of his teens he had commenced worrying magazine editors and publishers with his youthful productions. He met, however, with no success in these quarters. At the age of eighteen he paid his first visit to the theatre, and according to his own account this proved the turning-point in his career. He was literally stage-struck. From that moment, although he worked hard during the day in a City warehouse, all his evenings were passed in theatre-going and play-writing. Disappointment succeeded disappointment, and at last he left London and accepted a place in a Bradford office. When things seemed at their worst from an artistic point

of view, his opportunity came, and in the acceptance in 1879 by Mr. Wilson Barrett of the play *A Clerical Error* his career as a successful playwright began. He wrote singly and in collaboration many plays during the next few years. *An Old Master*, *The Silver King*, *Chatterton*, and *The Lord Harry*, were produced at the Princess's Theatre; *His Wife* at Sadler's Wells; *A Bed of Roses* at the Globe; and *Hoodman Blind* and *Saints and Sinners* at the Vaudeville. Most of these plays were quite conventional in their methods and point of view, but they were none the less popular with thousands of theatre-goers. It was not until the production in 1884 of *Saints and Sinners* that Mr. Jones appears to have realised that he was capable of better things than play-writing of the melodramatic order. Since then his efforts have been directed towards illustrating different phases of the English life of to-day. In *The Middleman*, which appeared at the Shaftesbury Theatre, he attempted to depict the struggle between capital and labour; in *Judah*, produced at the same theatre, the conflict between science and spiritualism was dramatically treated; and in *The Dancing Girl*, which was produced at the Haymarket, he has attempted to present a picture of "the widely differing views of life entertained by the modern spirit of Puritanism, as opposed to the easy-going, cynical, good-humoured, and careless aspect in which it is regarded by a large section of high-class society."

With the marked advance he has made in his conception of what good play-writing demands, there is also very evident in his later productions a great development in his character-study. As a result of attacking the problems of life in a bolder and more self-reliant spirit, some of the characters he has drawn for us possess a life and individuality of their own in refreshing contrast to the stage heroes and heroines of his earlier productions. It is perhaps a pity that even in an admirable work like *The Dancing Girl* he is still so much a slave to stage traditions, and that in his reverence for the old formula "they lived happy ever afterwards" he mars considerably the effect of the play as a representation of life. Mr. Jones is, however, still a young man, and all lovers of the play hope great things of him. Nay, more, they look to him to take the lead in that revival of the national drama for which several generations of theatre-goers have so patiently waited.

PROFESSOR HENRY MORLEY.

THE life of a man of letters, who spends most of his time amidst books, whether they be written by himself or by others, does not appear at the first glance to offer many aspects of such interest as may suffice to supply even a brief biographical sketch; yet it must be remembered that he is constantly associated with the deepest interests and the most remarkable experiences of those who have made history, and whose pursuits have been most conspicuous in the progress of the world. His familiar friends are profound thinkers, adventurous explorers, great poets, victorious leaders of men; his travels, though he may in his own person spend much of his time in his study, extend beyond the outskirts of civilisation, or may carry him to remote memorials of the past ages of the world, amidst the crumbling remains of half-buried cities, or those monuments which are the sole records of the early efforts of mankind to make their achievements permanent and imperishable. He is, so to speak, the connecting link between the half-forgotten traditions of the past and the evanescent chronicles of the present. If he should possess the philosophical spirit which can recognise and, in some sense, reproduce and harmonise both, by showing that there is, after all, an unbroken connection in the history of the human race, and in the pursuits, passions, beliefs, aims, and achievements of mankind, he may well be regarded as an eminent teacher no less than as a scholar who has learnt the meaning and the practical application of that which he has assiduously learnt. Such a man, scorning delights and living laborious days, does much to consolidate the education of the people; and should he possess true sympathy with present modes of thought and a faculty for presenting to the reader of to-day the assimilations and the contrasts which mark the apparent changes in national literature, he must hold a high place in the regard and esteem of those who look to him for instruction. Mr. Henry Morley has, during a long and honourable career, filled an important place among those who may be regarded as national educators; for he has not restricted his efforts to one particular province of the world of letters. His large and various acquirements have given him

the ability to touch with a facile hand the lighter and more entertaining, as well as the apparently solid and philosophical studies that belong to the history of British literature, and he is therefore a worthy representative of that happy characteristic by which the truly popular author finds a multitude of appreciative readers, while other writers who have seemed to be more profound have only succeeded in becoming obscure, and in seeing the dust gather upon the volumes with which they have laboriously filled the neglected shelves of some of our libraries.

Professor Morley was born in London on September 15th, 1822, and when he was old enough to be sent from home, received his early education at the famous Moravian school of Neuwied on the Rhine. From this he returned to London and became a student at King's College, where he subsequently obtained an honorary fellowship, and where he was English lecturer from 1857 till 1865, when he became Professor of English Language and Literature at University College—an appointment which he held till his retirement to Carisbrooke, in 1889—when he was made Emeritus Professor. In addition to these distinctions, he was Examiner in English Language and Literature and History to the University of London for five years (1870 to 1875), and again for five years, from 1878 to 1883. He was Professor of English Language and Literature at Queen's College, London, from 1878 to his retirement in 1889, at which date he had for seven years been Principal of University Hall. The honorary degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Professor Morley by the University of Edinburgh in 1879.

It is interesting to know that Mr. Morley first gave his attention to the study of medicine, and at the age of twenty-two (in 1844) was practising in Madeley, Shropshire, where he remained till 1848, when he appears to have abandoned the medical profession in favour of that of teaching, and to have succeeded in establishing a school at Liscard, Liverpool, where he continued for two years to demonstrate the advantages of the method which he had instituted.

The plans which he adopted were intended for the true extension of what may be called popular teaching, and he is therefore to be ranked among the pioneers of the best modern educational methods.

Probably only the offers made to him in connection with "Household Words," to which he had contributed articles, would have induced him to relinquish his educational enterprise at Liscard, and to return to London. But the offer reached him in 1851, the year of great industrial revivals

and literary activity; and in addition to his engagement on the popular journal directed by Charles Dickens, there was an invitation to take part in the *Examiner*, a paper of which he afterwards became editor.

Once entered on the tide of journalism, he was not long before he found the current which was to bear him to reputation, although it is not easy to trace its course, because of the variety of his journalistic contributions to popular literature. At the same time he was pursuing the special studies of those literary and historical subjects with which his name and fame have become more intimately identified. His "First Sketch of English Literature" (in 1873), his "History of English Literature" (1874 to 1880), and his "English Literature in the Reign of Victoria" (1881), were at once recognised as having added eminently to the resources of popular instruction; and they attained a circulation which immediately placed them in the forefront of educational literature. He had, however, attained distinction by his biography of Palissy as early as 1852, and the biographical sketches of "Jerome Cardan" (1854) and "Cornelius Agrippa" (1856). These were followed by those literary "Studies" (of which that of "Clement Marot" was an example) which appeared about 1870, and before the latter date his "Fables and Fairy Tales" (1860) and "Oberon's Horn" (1861) had given evidence of the extent and variety of his powers; while "The Journal of a London Playgoer" (1866), and "Gossip," republished from "Household Words," were also contributions to that lighter journalism of which he began by being an exponent. Professor Morley's later work, besides the writing of a detailed history of English Literature under the name of "English Writers," now in progress, has been chiefly that of editing and arranging for popular reading examples of those eminent writers whose works have long held the position of English classics. For such undertakings he is eminently qualified, not only by his knowledge of the associations by which the works of early authors may be interpreted, but by that appreciation of the phases of current criticism and of current thought which is, or should be, the essential characteristic of the journalist and the true representative of the literature of our time, or, at all events, of the time when the present era of universal reading was inaugurated by the removal of the "taxes on knowledge."

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THE QUEEN.

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MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES.

W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

PROF. HENRY MORLEY.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

H.R.H. ADMIRAL THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, the fourth child and the second son of Queen Victoria, was born on the 6th of August, 1844.

We find in the number of *Punch* for May 24th, 1859, a cartoon in which Admiral Punch introduces the youthful Royal sailor to the nation with the words: "There boys, there's an example for you!" Some of us may remember the general enthusiasm with which the Prince's entrance into the navy was received. There were many causes that contributed to this enthusiasm. First of all, the Prince had a popular name, that of Alfred—a name that has always found favour with Englishmen, by reason of its association with the great king of the West Saxons, whom we were taught from childhood to look upon as the embodiment of all the virtues that could be expected or desired in an English prince. Again, King Alfred was the founder of the English navy; and this is, perhaps, why the nation seems to have made up its mind beforehand that the young Prince should be dedicated to that service. The Prince of Wales, both by his position and by all the traditions that accompanied that position, was debarred from adopting any distinct profession, but with his brother the same principles did not hold good, since he was one degree further from the throne, and both hopes and expectations were in favour of his never being nearer to it. His claims, therefore, to popularity had to be of a more personal nature, and certainly few princes have started in public life with more genuine sympathy. It was only lately that a bluff sailor king had ruled over the nation, who was a favourite with the people, not only by the force of contrast, but also for his sailor-like qualities of straightforward promptitude and directness, which won the hearts of a generation for whom the memories of Trafalgar and the Nile had not yet faded into ancient history.

If the popularity of the Duke of Edinburgh has never been so high as at the outset of his career, except at the period, to be spoken of presently, when his life was endangered, the causes are not far to seek. In the first place he was the first of the Royal princes whose career was not

so to speak, mapped out for him beforehand by circumstances. Since then he has had brothers who shared with him the public attention—the soldier Duke of Connaught, and the student Duke of Albany—while his very calling, which took him away for months and years at a time, caused the populace, whose memory is proverbially short-lived, to lose sight of him. And naturally the family of the Prince of Wales, as it grew up, attracted the greatest share of attention. But, in spite of this, there can be no doubt that the Duke of Edinburgh has enjoyed, and still enjoys, a quiet popularity of his own. To go back to his early career, in 1860 we find him visiting the Cape of Good Hope with the *Euryalus*, the ship to which he was first appointed, and in 1866 he was made Duke of Edinburgh, and in 1867, as Captain of the *Galatea*, he started on the cruise round the world, which once more drew public attention to him on account of the attempt made in Australia by a political fanatic to assassinate him.

The illustrated papers of 1867 and early in 1868 contain much information of his movements, and our old friend *Punch* had a cartoon in which the Sailor Prince is represented as greeting Australia, and telling her that he knew she was a great girl, but did not expect to find her what he did find her. A few months later, and the papers were full of indignation at hearing the news of the attempt made upon his life by one O'Farrell, who, on March 12th, 1868, had fired at the Prince at a public picnic given in aid of the Sailors' Home at Port Jackson. What made the event more deplorable was the fact that the Prince and Princess of Wales had just been making what was, upon the whole, a highly successful tour in Ireland. At first all kinds of sinister rumours prevailed, but the same paper that gave an account of the Duke's farewell to Australia, in which he said that his confidence in the loyalty of the colony was in no wise shaken, gave an account of the execution of his would-be murderer, who declared in his last moments that he had not committed the act at the instigation of any other person or persons, but under the influence of excitement caused by brooding over the wrongs of Ireland.

It is said that we never know the value of people till we are in danger of losing them; and the truth of the saying is well borne out by the enthusiasm shown in the case of two of our princes. Many will remember how the heart of the nation was stirred during the dangerous illness of the Prince of Wales, and how the whole country joined with the Queen in the thanksgiving for his recovery. And hardly less was the

enthusiasm shown on the return of the Duke of Edinburgh in July, 1868, at the reception on July 4th at the Crystal Palace, when the song "God bless our Sailor Prince" was sung for the first time, and the fireworks included a set piece giving a portrait of the *Galatea*, and a "Welcome to Alfred." The next year saw the *Galatea* and its captain again abroad, this time in Japan and China, and India; and the Prince quietly followed his profession till the next great event of his life—his marriage with the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, in January, 1874. To some this marriage was a matter of perplexity. They were too deeply imbued with the memories of the Crimean War to look with equanimity upon the sight of an English naval officer going to seek his bride where a British admiral had endeavoured a few years before to penetrate at the cannon's mouth. According to them, it was quite a different hug from a loving embrace that ought to pass between the Russian Bear and the British Lion. And dismal were the prophecies as to the inconveniences and perils that would follow upon the alliance. It speaks much for the Duke's sound sense, and his Imperial spouse's good qualities, that these have been entirely falsified, and that with many it requires an effort of memory to realise that the mother of a considerable family of English children, whose life and doings are almost kept in the background, is a Russian Grand Duchess, and the sister of a reigning Czar. Since his marriage the Duke has quietly pursued his career, and it is only from time to time, when he performs some public function, or is mentioned as gaining some step in his profession, or as taking up some command or duty which his naval position entails upon him or entitles him to, that attention is called to him.

Most people are probably aware that the Duke of Edinburgh is no mean proficient in music, as is shown by the fact of his having performed as a violinist in public as well as in private. Indeed, some of his reflected glory seems to have been shed upon his elder brother, for it is reported that a firm of music-sellers forwarded some new banjo music to the Prince of Wales, under the impression that he was an adept in the art of twanging, and it needed an official declaration that while appreciating the charms of the banjo, the Prince did not profess to be a past master in the art of playing it, to convince them of their error. But perhaps it was to the President of the R. A. M. that they sent it.

That the Royal Family should take kindly to music is not to be wondered at, seeing that the late Prince Consort was himself a keen musician.

MISS OLGA BRANDON.

THE English-speaking nations of the world may be divided from one another by Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and by the adoption of different forms of government. But in one respect their real union with one another becomes every year more apparent. We all read the same literature, and the dividing line of nationality is now of little account in matters relating to music and the drama. Miss Olga Brandon, for instance, belongs in a sense to three continents. Australia gave her birth in 1865; America provided her with an apprenticeship in dramatic art; while it is in Europe that she has made her mark as one of the most promising of modern actresses. She began her dramatic career in New York in 1884, as Edith in *The Private Secretary*, and she subsequently took important parts in *In Chancery* and *Engaged*. Her first engagement in London was in January, 1887, when, under Mr. Willie Edouin's management, she appeared in *Modern Wives* and *A Tragedy*. Then she returned to America and played "leads" in old English comedies during a six months' tour with Mr. J. S. Clarke's company. She had by this time developed distinct powers as an emotional actress, and on her return to England she was engaged by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal to play second to the latter. In parts like Athenais in *The Ironmaster* and Christina Haggerston in *The Squire* she fully bore out the expectations of those who, from the first, had expected great things from her. From the St. James's Theatre she went to the Court, and afterwards to the Criterion, playing successfully in *The Weaker Sex*, *Caste*, *Cyril's Success*, and *Our Boys*. From her acting in these plays it would have been difficult to decide whether she was destined to excel as an actress of light comedy or of tragedy. What was certain was that her acting covered a very wide range.

But it may be said of her that up to this time the opportunity which rarely fails to come to actors and actresses of any merit had not yet arrived. Miss Brandon's chance came with the production of Mr. H. A. Jones's original and deeply interesting play *Judah*, produced at the Shaftesbury Theatre in May, 1890. She created the part of Vashti Dethic, and in

doing so stepped at once into the front rank of her profession. Just as *Judah* was no ordinary play, Vashti Dethic was no ordinary stage heroine. The character suggested great possibilities to an actress of intelligence. Believing, as Vashti does, in her own supernatural powers, and yet hating and disbelieving in the trickery with which she is induced by a stronger will than her own to associate them, she comes under the influence of the Rev. Judah Llewellyn. While her nature is stirred and purified by his influence, she is painfully conscious that his strong belief in and love for her is built upon a lie to which she is a party, and the supreme tragedy of her life happens when she plainly sees that his love for her is dragging him down to her own level. Complex as her character naturally is, it is all the more so at this moment, when opposing principles and influences contend within her for mastery. And there was something akin to genius, if it was not genius itself, in the way that Miss Brandon, without recourse to violence of speech or action, revealed the very soul of Vashti to her audience. Her conception of the character was a fine one, admirably acted. Possessing features singularly expressive of all the shifting moods of human suffering, she knows her power in this direction, and she uses it with the restraint and also with the ease of the trained actress. Before the run of *Judah* was over Miss Brandon went to the Adelphi, to take the leading part in Messrs. Sims and Buchanan's play, *The English Rose.* Theatrical engagements are binding, and she had to abandon a part which had brought her fame for one in which there was little opportunity for the exercise of her peculiar powers.

Of Miss Brandon a great future may be expected, but not in melodrama. She is far too promising an actress to be allowed to throw herself away on heroines such as Ethel Kingston, and it is the hope of every lover of intelligent acting that she will essay again, with the added experience of several years, the rendering of old English comedy characters in which she served so brilliant an apprenticeship.

MR. J. M. BARRIE.

MR. JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE was born on May 9th, 1860, in one of "the handful of houses jumbled together in a cup" which form the borough of Kirriemuir, the "Thrums" of his delightful books. His father and mother are still living in Kirriemuir. Talent is said to descend from the maternal side, but whether that be so or not in Mr. Barrie's case, it is certain that his mother had much to do with his choice of subject. She was originally an Auld Licht, and her many stories of that peculiar people first directed her son's attention to them.

Mr. Barrie passed much of his boyhood with his brother, who is inspector of schools in Dumfries, and received part of his education in the Academy there. The only teacher who seems to have made much impression on him was the scholarly Dr. Cranstoun. But his most lasting memories of Dumfries are the frequent glimpses he had of Carlyle, who came periodically to visit his sister, Mrs. Aitken, and the Scotch poet, Thomas Aird. The sight of the old man in his solitary walks, taking no more notice of the passers-by who uncovered their heads than of the irreverent ones who whistled, was by no means the least important part of Mr. Barrie's early education. Like most boys, he preferred play to study, and his first appearance in print was a characteristic letter in a Dumfries paper signed "Paterfamilias," gravely advocating an extension of holidays.

In 1878, Mr. Barrie matriculated at Edinburgh University. Professor Masson, of whom he says, "to have one such professor at a time is the most a university can hope of human nature," helped to develop his bent towards literature, of which he was curiously unconscious. Outside the University the men who influenced him most were Dr. Whyte, the popular minister of Free St. George's, who always made you feel that "you were an excellent person after all"; Dr. Walter C. Smith, the author of "Olrig Grange," who marked his men as "the Rugby boys were marked by Dr. Arnold"; and Mr. Lawson, a Kirriemuir man, at that time editor of the *Courant*, the late organ of the Edinburgh Conservatives. For Mr. Lawson's

paper Mr. Barrie wrote some miscellaneous criticisms. At that time, however, he had still no idea that literature was to be his profession.

Mr. Barrie graduated in 1882, and in 1883 he was appointed leader-writer on the staff of the *Nottingham Journal*. Having served his apprenticeship to journalism in Nottingham, Mr. Barrie came to London in 1885. While in Nottingham he had begun to write for the *St. James's Gazette*, then edited by Mr. Greenwood, so that his coming to London was not a "wild dedication" of himself to chance. Mr. Barrie has contributed many articles to the *St. James's Gazette*, *The British Weekly*, *The Speaker*, and the *Anti-Jacobin*. In the *Contemporary Review* he has written criticisms of Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, and other writers, and "Brought Back from Elysium," a good-humoured satire on modern novelists. To the *Fortnightly Review* his principal contribution has been "Pro Bono Publico," a clever skit on the rage for reminiscences which afflicted the publishing world a year or two ago even more acutely than it does now. Mr. Barrie also wrote for some time in the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*.

A clever shilling book, "Better Dead," appeared in 1887; and then came in 1888 "Auld Licht Idylls," the book which made his reputation. In the same year was published "When a Man's Single," a record, which is not to be regarded as autobiographic, of the author's impressions of journalistic life in Nottingham and London. "A Window in Thrums" appeared in May, 1889. Besides being his best work, it has been the most popular, and a seventh edition is already required. "An Edinburgh Eleven" (1889), brief studies of some eminent Edinburghers, "My Lady Nicotine" (1890), a collection of essays and stories, and "The Little Minister" (1891), complete the list of Mr. Barrie's published works.

"Auld Licht Idylls" and "A Window in Thrums" were hailed as at once the most successful, the most truly literary, and the most realistic attempt that had been made for years—if not for generations—to reproduce humble Scotch life. The fidelity to truth, the pathos, the humour, and the vivid interest of these books were acknowledged ungrudgingly by the press and the public—as ungrudgingly and with as much appreciation in England as in Scotland. One element in the Scotch—which is, indeed, the key to Scotch character—its strange reticence, Mr. Barrie has succeeded in reproducing better than any other writer—it might almost be said, including Scott; and in the portrayal of that reticence, which gives every word, every syllable its import, lies much of Mr. Barrie's power. Even Tammas Haggart, his

principal creation, and own brother to Bottom, inclined as he is to be garrulous, knows, unless he happens to talk of Burns, when he has said enough.

Mr. Barrie's success is remarkable in two respects. Literary eminence at an early age, remembering among other examples Dickens and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, is not uncommon; but it has almost invariably been accompanied by a belief in a literary vocation. Mr. Barrie drifted into literature, and one morning awoke to find that in pursuit of his ordinary calling as a journalist he had been producing masterpieces. The other remarkable element in Mr. Barrie's success is his sudden and complete popularity. That his books would reach the heart of the people was a foregone conclusion. It was not very certain, however, that they should do so at once, because of the uncompromising dialect and the outlandish circumstances of his characters. In other writers such amenities have often proved drawbacks to immediate recognition; but Mr. Barrie's genius has made them of the very essence of his popularity.

Mr. Barrie has written successfully for the stage, having produced a three-act play entitled *Richard Savage*, and a wonderfully clever parody of Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*.

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THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

MISS OLGA BRANDON.

W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

MR. J. M. BARRIE.

VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

GARNET JOSEPH WOLSELEY, Baron Wolseley of Cairo, and of Wolseley in the county of Stafford, and Viscount Wolseley of the same place, was born at Golden Bridge House, near Dublin, on the 4th June, 1833. He is the son of Major G. J. Wolseley, formerly of the 25th Regiment, now the "King's Own" Scottish Borderers, and entered the Army in 1852. He early saw service, for he was severely wounded in the Burmese War of 1852–53, and when with the 90th Foot in the Crimean War was again severely wounded during the Siege of Sebastopol. The China War of 1860 saw him on the Staff as Quartermaster-General; but his first independent command was when as Deputy Assistant Quartermaster-General in Canada, in 1867, he brought to a successful issue the Red River Expedition against Riel and the Indians and half-castes he had led into rebellion. From Assistant Adjutant-General at Head Quarters he was sent to command the Army of Ashanti in 1873, where the "Colonel on the Staff" first got his General's rank as Major-General, though it was only of local value. But the campaign made his rank substantive, and gained for him the thanks of Parliament, a grant of £25,000 for his "courage, energy, and perseverance," and the freedom of the City of London, with a sword of honour valued at 100 guineas. The Campaign in Egypt in 1882 proved Lord Wolseley to be not merely a leader of men, but a cool and able strategist. The "change of base" from Alexandria to Ismailia, and the skill with which it was conducted, was not only a genial conception of how the campaign should be fought, but was most ably carried out. The official history of the war as written by Colonel Maurice proves most clearly that even in this small campaign the General had left nothing to chance, but had played the great game on sound principles. He did not despise even Arabi's army, and therefore succeeded. In this he showed a true genius for war. But for his plan of operation the contest might have been, on such a *terrain*, far more deadly and the result less certain. Undoubtedly a day attack on the strong lines of Tel-el-Kebir with such open ground would have occasioned a loss of at least a thousand men, rather than that actually received. Those

who gauge a battle's value by its "butcher's bill" do not understand how the amount of the bill is largely due to the general. In this case the small loss and the successful issue were due absolutely and entirely to the general's disposition and to his fearlessness in attempting the novel idea of night fighting. He dared and won. The true leader is he who gains for his country the success desired, and does so at the least possible cost.

For this he for the second time received the thanks of Parliament.

The last war which he has conducted was as ably directed as those that had gone before. He undertook the advance of a British army, by the long river-road of the Nile, into the heart of Africa in 1887–88, and selected this route as preferable to that, often advocated at the time, from Suakin and Berber. But the difficulties of the latter route for a large force were serious. Wells were few and far between, and the supply was scanty. The Nile at any rate gave that first requirement in a fiercely hot climate—water. This then he took, and every step was a clear success until it was evident that Khartoum had fallen, Gordon had been murdered, and there was no choice between retreat and a second campaign. The real choice did not rest with him, but the Government he served, and he, its faithful servant, could but obey its behests and fall back on the Delta.

For the third time both Houses of Parliament expressed their appreciation of the work he had directed, and of the army which had carried it out.

Nor is his good service to the State only that of a merely regular soldier. He was sent to Natal in 1875 to administer the affairs of the Colony; he has commanded the Auxiliary Forces; he was "Administrator" of the Island of Cyprus, under the style of H.M. Chief Commissioner and Commander-in-Chief; he was the Governor and High Commissioner of Natal and the Transvaal, with directions to reorganise the affairs in Zululand; and was nominated on the Council of India in 1876.

In addition to these civil and military labours he has shown that he possesses not merely great administrative and military capacity, but he has found time in a most busy life to add to the literature of his country. His first effort was his "Narrative of the War with China in 1860," followed in 1869 by "The Soldier's Pocket-Book for Field Service," which has justly run through many editions. As a magazine writer he has furnished "France as a Military Power in 1870 and 1878" in the *Nineteenth Century*, and "The Study of War," "The Anti-Slavery Congress,"

"General Sherman," and "Field-Marshal von Moltke" in the *United Service Magazine.* He is an early riser, believing that much good work can be done while others are asleep. But this is only one side of his character. Few men have won so rapidly, and with such good cause, his honourable position as a full general of the Army, its working head as Adjutant-General, a viscountcy in the English peerage, and a knighthood in one of its most noble orders, that of St. Patrick, and have been so little changed by success. This is the secret of his life. He has the power of attaching friends to him in a way few men possess. Those who knew him in the early seventies find their appreciation of his character and his work strengthened by knowing him still in the nineties. He not merely directs, and gets the cold obedience such direction with another class of mind produces, but he leads as well; and in so doing gets work done that is not merely done as a duty, but felt to be an honour and a pleasure to be permitted to execute.

And Lord Wolseley has, as Napoleon had in some portion of his career, certainly a "lucky star." Whatever he has taken in hand has always succeeded. The difficulties of the Red River Expedition were overcome, and that without any serious resistance. The Ashanti Campaign resulted in the occupation and partial destruction of King Koffi Kalkali's capital and the dispersion of his army. His administration of Natal as well as that of Cyprus was a success. When sent to Zululand, where things had looked black, his presence threw fresh energy into the Army, and his "star" shone when Lord Chelmsford won the final victory of Ulundi, and captured King Cetewayo, and, later, when he was himself present at the capture of Sekukuni's Kraal, whose armed inhabitants had been for three years the South African "trouble" of those parts. The campaign in Egypt in 1882 was entirely successful, thanks to the plan adopted. Lastly, the enormous risks of the advance on Khartoum, difficulties which no European nation has ever before had to face, were skilfully surmounted.

Lord Wolseley wears a medal for Burmah, the English and Turkish for the Crimea, the Indian, China, Ashanti, Zulu, and Egypt. He also is decorated with the Medjidieh, the Legion of Honour, the Grand Crosses of Saint Michael and Saint George, and of the Bath, besides the badge of Saint Patrick.

MISS LIZA LEHMANN.

THE ordeal of making one's *début* must always be a trying one. But for a singer, surely the most trying is a *début* at the "Popular Concerts," or, as they are more generally known, the "Pops."

For it is undoubtedly the fact that, whether with justification or without, the enthusiasts who attend the "Pops" consider themselves to be just a little "superior," and regard the employment of vocalists as a concession to those who

> "think suburban hops
> More fun than 'Monday Pops.'"

The fact that Miss Lehmann not only made a successful *début* before this formidable audience, but remains a first favourite with them, speaks well for her judgment and taste no less than for her voice. For, however superior the patrons of the Popular Concerts may consider themselves—and do we not all think ourselves so in some way or another?—there is no doubt that their tastes are refined, and their judgment, as a rule, excellent. That they hailed with acclamation Miss Liza Lehmann is, indeed, ample proof of their possessing both these qualities.

Miss Lehmann is a daughter of Mr. Rudolf Lehmann, the celebrated artist, while her mother, from whom she inherits her love for music, is a daughter of the late Robert Chambers of Edinburgh. To her mother Miss Lehmann owes her early training, it having always been decided that she was to be a singer. Later she studied with Signor Randegger, to whom she still applies for advice or assistance as often as her many occupations will allow her.

For the life of a popular singer is by no means all "beer and skittles"; indeed, it is but a small quantity of those ingredients that is found in the conscientious vocalist's lot. And Miss Lehmann is, perhaps, more conscientious than most. She is far too much of a musician and an artist to be satisfied with the *répertoire* of an ordinary ballad-singer, or to desecrate her talent by employing it in singing that class of song so well known to every frequenter of the London drawing-room—a very second-rate

melody, worse than second-rate words—in three verses: first verse—simple chords in the accompaniment; second verse—arpeggios; third, and last verse —full chords in double time, leading to a grand climax on a high G. The temptation to singers to take up such songs must be considerable: they are the easiest songs to sing, and the songs for which there seems to be the greatest demand.

Miss Lehmann has shown us, however, that a song may be thoroughly English and yet be neither insipid nor affected; those who have been fortunate enough to hear her sing "Polly Willis" or "When Love is Kind" will not readily forget the charm with which she interprets those simple melodies.

For the principal characteristic of Miss Lehmann's singing is undoubtedly its charm; others may possess stronger and richer voices, others may excel in declamatory music, but for sweetness and charm Miss Lehmann has no rival. And it is because Miss Lehmann knows her strength in this direction that she exercises such a wise discretion in her choice of songs. The simple English, Irish, or Scotch ballad or the dainty French chansonette (what lover of music does not now know "La Charmante Marguerite" or "Les Perles d'Or"?) have no fitter exponent than Miss Lehmann.

It is now six years since this gifted young lady first appeared in St. James's Hall, and she has been growing steadily in public favour from that time.

She has sung twice at the Norwich Festival, almost regularly for the annual Scotch and Irish Concerts, for the Bach Choir, and for many others, besides enhancing her reputation with her original admirers. To extend a répertoire so unique is no easy task, for, unfortunately, gems of English song which are at once real gems and novelties into the bargain have to be sought for; but Miss Lehmann is untiring in her efforts, and may frequently be seen at the British Museum, surrounded by piles of dusty old volumes, busily engaged in copying out the work of some old and forgotten composer.

She is herself, also, a composer of no little merit, and has published more than one volume of songs, besides supplying the accompaniments to many old melodies which she has re-found and brought before the public.

With Miss Lehmann her work is evidently a labour of love, and it is no exaggeration to say that had we many more singers as conscientious, as talented, as musicianly, we should have little fear that the reproach "an unmusical nation" would ever be applied to the English; for such genuine artists are largely instrumental in raising the standard of public taste.

SIR SYDNEY H. WATERLOW.

THERE is perhaps no position in the civilised world in which the honours attaching thereto are at once so splendid and so fleeting as that of Lord Mayor of London. A leading citizen leaves his desk or his merchandise, and for one short year he is the associate of monarchs and the companion of ministers, while he is *fêted* and lionised by all sorts and conditions of men. Known, perhaps, previous to his acceptance of office only to the citizens of London, his name during that one eventful year becomes familiar to all his fellow-countrymen. And then, in nine cases out of ten, at the termination of his mayoralty, he goes back to his desk and his merchandise, and little more is ever heard of him as a public character. Sir Sydney H. Waterlow is a brilliant exception to this rule. He, too, has been Lord Mayor of London; but when we take into account his public career, both before and after he held the office, we realise that the possession of that much-coveted dignity was with him but a mere incident in his life as a useful and distinguished citizen.

He was born in 1822, and he is proud of acknowledging that he started his business career at the early age of fourteen, when he was bound apprentice at Stationers' Hall to a Government printer, as compositor. Step by step, he advanced in the trade of a printer, until, as the head of the large firm which bears his name, he was able to take a high place in the councils of the City. He was elected an Alderman of London for Langbourne Ward in 1863, he was Sheriff of London in 1866–67, and was Lord Mayor in 1872–73.

But, unlike many of his brother citizens, his ambitions have not been limited to the acquirement of City honours. At the General Election of 1868 he contested the Parliamentary seat of Dumfries as a supporter of Mr. Gladstone and his Irish Church proposals. In spite of the fact that there had been no contested election in Dumfries for eighty years, the Duke of Buccleuch's nominee having hitherto always walked over the course, Sir Sydney won the seat by forty-four votes. He has also sat in Parliament as Liberal member for Maidstone (1874–80) and Gravesend (1880–85).

He was singularly fortunate in the public events which occurred during his year of mayoralty. Never have there been such crowds in the streets of London as those which gathered together to witness the City receptions of that year. Sir Sydney entertained at the Mansion House, and welcomed to the City of London, the Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, and the Khedive of Egypt. So impressed were the Sultan and Khedive with the hospitality of London's Lord Mayor that he was invited by them, on the termination of his year of office, to visit Egypt and Constantinople. The invitation was accepted, and while in Turkey the Sultan conferred upon Sir Sydney the Order of the Medjidieh. In recognition of his public services, as well as of his brilliant reception of the Shah of Persia, he was created a Baronet in August, 1873. A short time previous to this, on the occasion of the visit of the Sultan, he had been created a Knight. Among other public honours which were conferred upon him may be mentioned the Order of the Grand Cross of the Crown of Italy, received from the King of Italy in 1873, in connection with the Italian inundations of that year and the assistance rendered to Italy by the Lord Mayor. The Orders of the Lion and of the Sun were also conferred upon him by the Shah of Persia.

One of the most successful of his public labours has been the erection, on a large scale, of model lodging-houses for artisans in different parts of London, and, as chairman of the Industrial Dwellings Company, he has still further developed his policy in this matter. For the last twenty-four years, in consequence largely of the application of his ideas, 30,000 working people have been provided with healthy, commodious, and cheap dwellings at a rate below the usual hire of unfurnished apartments suitable to the working classes. Other positions held by Sir Sydney at different times have been Commissioner of Lieutenancy for London, treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, member of the Judicature Commission, and deputy-chairman of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway and of the Union Bank of London. His latest act has been to present the people of London with a public park. At the meeting of the London County Council on November 12th, 1889, a letter was read from Sir Sydney, stating that he desired to present to the Council an estate of nearly twenty-nine acres in extent, situated on the southern slope of Highgate Hill, which was for many years his own home, and which property, he thought, would, if judiciously laid out, make an excellent park for the north of London. Sir Sydney further offered to pay £6,000 in cash to enable the Council to obtain a permanent interest in a small portion of the estate which was held

on lease. With reference to this gift, Sir Sydney has since said, "I gave it out of my love and affection for the great city in which I have worked for fifty-three years." The park, appropriately named Waterlow Park, was opened to the public by Sir John Lubbock on Saturday, October 17th, 1891. The house and grounds possess great historical interest. Here once lived the celebrated Earl of Lauderdale, and at another time the still more celebrated and "pretty, witty Nell Gwynne." At a time when open spaces are being fought for inch by inch by the people of London, this last public act of Sir Sydney Waterlow is particularly welcome. It reflects credit on the reputation of the City for generosity; and the fact that one of her most distinguished inhabitants should have thus realised the privileges as well as the responsibilities attaching to wealth is an encouraging sign of the times. As a politician Sir Sydney has always been ready to do battle for his principles, and he has spoken much both in Parliament and in the country on public questions, more especially on those relating to social and industrial matters. When in town he resides at 29, Chesham Place, and his country seat is at Westham, in the county of Kent. He has been twice married, and has a large family of sons and daughters.

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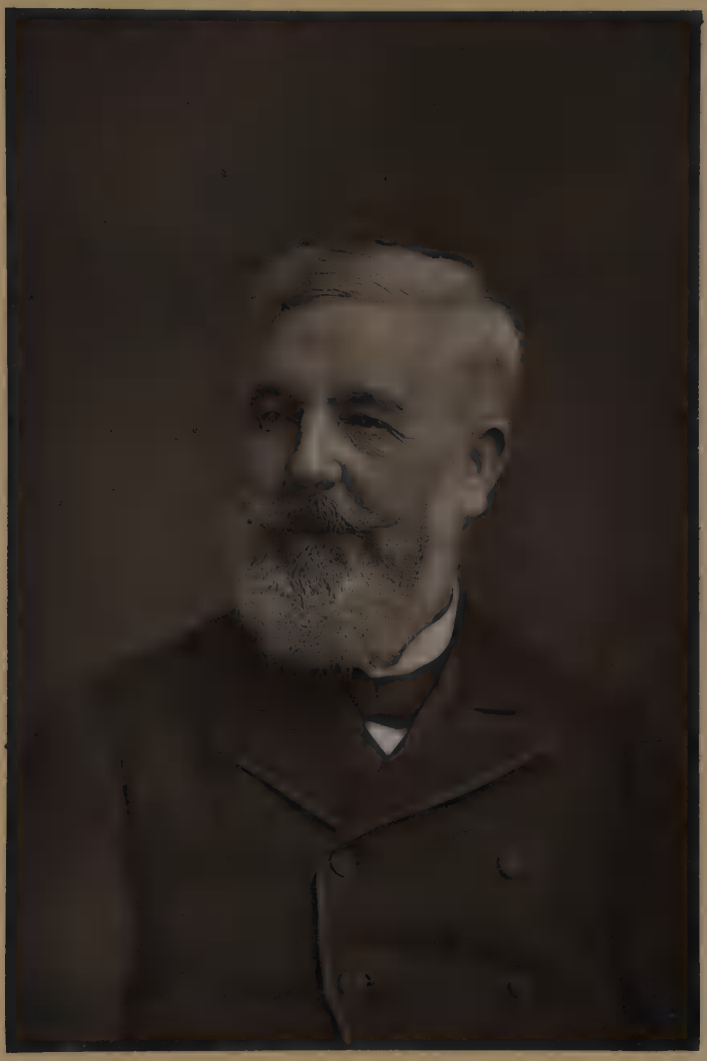

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SIR SYDNEY WATERLOW.

THE REV. DR. ADLER.

N 1845 Dr. Nathan Marcus Adler, who fourteen years before had been elected to fill his father's place as Chief Rabbi of Hanover, was called by the almost unanimous vote of the Jewish congregations in England to assume the duties of the Rabbinate in London. This choice was mainly influenced by Dr. Adler's high reputation for piety and learning, but it was no secret that the late Duke of Cambridge, Viceroy of Hanover until the Queen's accession, warmly supported his candidature. Dr. Nathan Adler came over to this country bringing with him his son Hermann, then in his sixth year. The boy was most carefully trained by his father in the language and traditional lore of the Hebrew race. As soon as his age permitted it, he was sent to University College School, where he won many distinctions, ultimately securing triple first-class honours in the Intermediate B.A. Examination of the University of London. By this time it had become apparent that Hermann Adler felt a distinct vocation for what, in the Christian Churches, would be termed the priestly office. He was accordingly sent back to Germany to complete his special education under such famous teachers as Michael Sachs, Rapoport, and Freund at Prague. Returning, after two years' study, with his Rabbinical diploma, and the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Leipsic, he was appointed in 1864 to the important charge of the Synagogue in Bayswater. Here his worth was soon appreciated by some of the most cultivated and wealthiest members of the Jewish community. But it must not be supposed that his sphere of influence was limited to this class or even to the pastoral work of his district. He at once took an active part in all the many philanthropic and educational schemes that have marked the progress of modern Judaism. For sixteen years he was principal or lecturer at the Jewish College; to him is largely due the organisation by which the scholars of Board Schools are brought under the influence of distinctive religious instruction; and he has been the life and soul of numerous committees for dispensing charity amongst his poorer co-religionists at home and abroad. In 1879 the infirmities of age began to tell upon the venerable Chief Rabbi, and with the consent of the leaders of the congregation he delegated the more active

duties of his post to his son Hermann, who was thus gradually initiated into the sacerdotal functions. Full of years, but in perfect possession of his faculties, Dr. Nathan Adler was gathered to his fathers in January, 1891, and in the following June the present Chief Rabbi was installed as his successor with all the solemnity of Jewish ritual. The names of those who assembled in the Great Synagogue on that occasion will suffice to show the far-reaching sympathies of the man they came to honour. Dignitaries of the Anglican Church sat beside the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs; the Governor of the Bank of England represented the wealth, and Mr. Day, of Toynbee Hall, the poverty of the great city; the Head Masters of Harrow and Clifton were united with the directors of such purely metropolitan institutions as St. Paul's and the City of London School; Lord and Lady Meath and Lady Selkirk testified to the spirit of charity that links the peer to the pauper; religious teachers of such widely divergent views as Canon Jenkins, Samuel Barnett, William Rogers, and Charles Voysey were drawn together by a common purpose; and politicians so widely sundered as Mr. Mundella and Mr. John Aird, Professor Stuart, and Sir Albert Rollit found themselves on the same platform. Within the pale of the Jewish faith many distinctions of nation, sect, or social status sent their representatives. The French Chief Rabbi was a conspicuous figure; the heads of the Spanish and Portuguese congregations in England were present; the leaders of the Reformed Jews, recognising the Chief Rabbi's spiritual authority and personal worth, did not hold aloof; and an aged member of the Legislative Council of Jamaica, as well as Sir Albert Sassoon from Bombay and Sir Saul Samuel from Australia, served to recall the important interests of the Jewish colonists. Lord Rothschild, Sir Julian Goldsmid, Baron H. de Worms, Sir John Simon, Sir Philip Magnus, Mr. S. Montagu, M.P., Mr. Arthur Cohen, Q.C., Lieut.-Colonel Goldsmid, Professor Marks, and Mr. H. H. Raphael, L.C.C., illustrated on different levels the extent to which Hebrew influence permeates English life. It was altogether a remarkable assemblage, and we have dwelt upon its details because they demonstrate more clearly than any description could the character and policy that have made Dr. Hermann Adler's ministrations so successful.

Whilst maintaining what appears to some an almost too rigid standard of Jewish orthodoxy, he has contrived to keep in touch with the spirit of humanity that underlies all creeds. Thus it has come about that the Chief Rabbi co-operates cordially with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Manning in their beneficent endeavours to raise the condition of the London poor, that he

discusses with Mr. Gladstone and the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes the dangers of "Irresponsible Wealth," or joins forces with Miss Davenport Hill and Colonel Prendergast in fighting for the existence of voluntary schools. Above all, though Dr. Adler's speech slightly betrays his German origin, he is strong in his loyalty to the British Constitution, and is never weary of impressing upon his flock their duties as English citizens. Considering that as "Chief Rabbi of the United Hebrew Congregations of the British Empire" he has at least 120,000 followers in this country and 80,000 in the colonies, the soundness of his political doctrines may be a source of satisfaction to the nation. Avoiding all party questions, still he does not hesitate to avow that he is a Conservative and a firm Unionist.

Dr. Adler is not afraid to copy the machinery of other churches and denominations in the administrative department of his office. Seeing the excellent results of the University settlements in the East End, he is now striving hard to make his headquarters in the City at 22, Finsbury Square, the centre of a similar movement amongst his own people. He lives there in alternate weeks, and has organised a staff of lay and clerical visitors for visitation and rescue work in the slums of Darkest London. In these efforts a noble band of women, among whom the members of the Rothschild family are first and foremost, have been engaged for many years making it their chief aim to improve the tone of young Jewish girls by personal influence and association. As a preacher Dr. Adler is learned, weighty, and impressive, always committing his sermons to paper, though he is a fluent and agreeable extemporaneous speaker. Steeped as he is to the lips in Talmudic lore, there is nothing pedantic in his conversation or in the many papers that he finds time to contribute to the press. At this moment he is, as might be expected, deeply engrossed in the two great questions affecting his race, the persecution of the Russian Jews, and the schemes of Jewish colonisation set on foot by Baron Hirsch and other wealthy philanthropists. His views on the first of these topics find definite expression in the November issue of the *North American Review*, his article on "Russian Barbarities and their Apologist" being specially directed against the cynicism of Professor Goldwin Smith. Dr. Adler is fortunate in the possession of a wife who enters thoroughly into the joys and cares of his arduous career. Their union has been blessed by two daughters and by a son, of whom it is as yet too early to predict that he will, in the third generation of the family, succeed to the priestly dignity of his father and grandfather.

THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

THERE have been times in the history of England and of other nations when a royal marriage has exercised a very important influence on foreign policy. Peace has been restored between two opposing nations by the simple expedient of uniting two members of the respective reigning houses in the bonds of holy matrimony. And even in our own time the same influences, in a more or less modified form, have been at work. For instance, when Englishmen heard for the first time in 1873 that Prince Alfred, the Queen's second son, was formally betrothed to the Grand Duchesse Marie, only daughter of Alexander, the Czar of Russia, they almost inevitably looked at the proposed union from the political point of view. Nearly twenty years had elapsed since Russia and England were engaged in deadly conflict with one another, and we naturally regarded this marriage as evidence of a desire on the part of two nations who were constantly in opposition to one another to cultivate more peaceful relations. Optimistic poets and sanguine politicians were alike eloquent on the spectacle of Russia and England shaking hands with one another. As it happened, these pleasant prophecies were not fulfilled, and within a very short time the old animosities and rivalries were revived, and once or twice the two nations were again in measurable distance of being at war with one another. None the less, there is little doubt that of late years more sensible counsels have usually prevailed in the end, and the fact that peace has not been disturbed is due in no small measure to the good feelings aroused in the hearts of the British people on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh.

The Duchess of Edinburgh was born on the 17th of October, 1853, and her marriage with Prince Alfred was celebrated on the 23rd of January, 1874, in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. The ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Russian Church, and in the presence of representatives of all the nations of Europe and the civilised world. Dean Stanley, who for many years had been a devoted friend of Queen Victoria, assisted on the occasion In the following March the royal couple made

a public entry into London. In spite of a heavy snowstorm, the Queen of England, with the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Princess Beatrice, drove through the streets of London in an open carriage. Crowds lined the streets, and the enthusiasm shown by the citizens of London was sufficient evidence of the popularity of the match, and of the desire on the part of the English to welcome to their country the daughter of a sovereign with whom they wished to maintain friendly relations.

Since her marriage the Duchess has led a comparatively uneventful life. She has from time to time assisted at the various public functions which her husband has been called upon to perform, and, in spite of the renewal of much bitterness in the relations between Russia and England, she has always been received with marked enthusiasm. In the long absences of the Duke of Edinburgh from this country she has constantly been his companion. Her eldest child and son was born at Buckingham Palace in October, 1874. Her second daughter, Victoria Melita, was born at Malta in 1876. Her other three children are Marie, Alexandra, and Beatrice, born respectively in 1875, 1878, and 1884.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has been no stranger to family trouble and bereavement. The terrible death of her father was a great blow to her, and the constant wearing anxiety concerning the safety of other members of her father's family cannot fail to have saddened considerably her life. Moreover, there have been many circumstances at work to prevent her ever identifying herself very closely with the country of her adoption. Unlike the Princess of Wales, she has never quite forgotten the fact that she is a foreigner, and this has sometimes told against her in the estimation of court gossips and scandal-mongers. But those who look beyond appearances think none the worse of her for her patriotism. On the contrary, they are disposed to deal very tenderly with the lady who, placed often in trying and difficult situations, has always acted with dignity and delicacy of feeling, and who as wife and mother has been faithful to the best traditions of womanhood.

DR. ROBSON ROOSE.

THE bright, genial presence of Dr. Robson Roose is so well known in literary and artistic circles that his portrait will be welcome to a large number of those who, while they scarcely call themselves his patients, recognise the benefits to be derived from the companionship of a medical practitioner who devotes attention to showing people how to keep well and to escape the necessity for taking medicine. It may be said that Dr. Roose is an ideal medical attendant, though he may not be altogether typical, for he can lay a sympathetic finger on the pulse of care, and advise us how to live on suitable terms with the exacting demands and the exhausting wear and tear of the society in which we are obliged to take a part, or the professional and commercial activities which we too often carry beyond the point of wise endurance, till they become either ceaseless rounds of toil or enervating excitements, leaving no leisure for calm contemplation or even for the ordinary enjoyments of a healthy existence.

The understanding of the influence of our present environment has enabled Dr. Roose to achieve much of the success which has marked his career, and his strictly professional contributions to literature have had wide recognition not only in this country, but in France and Germany. His work on gout has passed through six editions, and has been translated into French and German, and that on "nerve prostration and other functional disorders of daily life" is in a second edition, and an important part of it has also been translated. These and several other books, one of which is "The Art of Prolonging Life," have not been his only claims to literary distinction, since he is also a contributor to numerous periodicals.

Dr. Robson Roose, or, to give him his proper titles, Robson Roose, M.D., LL.D., F.C.S., Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in Edinburgh and Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, was born in November, 1848. His father, the late Francis Finley Roose, had served with the British Legion in Spain under the command of Sir de Lacy Evans in the Carlist campaign. He was son of Sir David Charles Roose, a merchant of Dublin who served the office of High Sheriff of that city in 1827; and

grandson of Jonathan Roose, merchant and shipowner of Liverpool. Mr. Francis Finley Roose does not appear to have been associated with successful commercial pursuits, and at his death—which took place while his son was quite a child—his widow was left in somewhat straitened circumstances. In 1864, when young Robson Roose was but fifteen years old, she also died, and the boy was left very much to his own resources to make his way towards success in the medical profession, to which he had determined to devote himself. To that end he became a student at the Sussex County Hospital at Brighton, and afterwards entered at Guy's Hospital in London. He was afterwards able to complete his professional studies in France and Germany, and spent some time in Brussels, where he has since taken an M.D. degree. He then returned to England, and in 1870 commenced practice in Brighton, where his success was so pronounced that he was frequently called to see patients in London, and subsequently in 1878 found it desirable to have a permanent consulting-room in town. His London practice soon grew to such dimensions that in 1884 he determined finally to devote his whole attention to it, and therefore followed up his successful endeavours by making his professional headquarters at his present address in Hill Street, Berkeley Square.

Sir David Roose, the grandfather of Dr. Robson Roose, was a friend and admirer of Daniel O'Connell, and his name appears more than once in the accounts of the political situation of the time, and especially in reference to the subject of Catholic Emancipation. In Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee's "Popular History of Ireland" it is recorded that Sir David Roose reminded the Emancipationists that the sagacious John Keogh had often declared that their cause would not be gained nor the question brought to an issue till some Catholic member elect stood at the bar of the House of Commons demanding his seat. In Fitzpatrick's "Correspondence of Daniel O'Connell the Liberator" we read that it was Sir David Roose who, on the 22nd of June, 1828, suggested to Fitzpatrick that O'Connell should *himself* stand for Clare and be returned to Parliament. Fitzpatrick was so impressed with the proposal that in the light of Keogh's former declaration, he foresaw that "the Liberator" would succeed, and raising his hat reverentially he exclaimed —"Great God, the Catholics are emancipated!" Probably, however, the narrative of this leading incident is more clear in the "Life, Letters, and Speeches of Lord Plunket" published in 1867, where, speaking of the year 1828, it says:—"There resided at that time in Dublin an old Tory gentleman,

Sir David Roose, who was a warm personal friend of O'Connell's. This individual met one day in the streets an acquaintance, Mr. Vincent Fitzpatrick, who had been during a long life the untiring advocate of the cause of Catholic Emancipation. Sir David, in speaking of Mr. Fitzgerald's chances in Clare, suggested, half playfully, that O'Connell was the only friend of the Catholics who would have a chance of opposing him successfully. His companion instantly recollected that old John Keogh, the venerable champion of the Catholics, had often declared it to be his conviction that Emancipation could never be granted until a Catholic was duly returned to Parliament, insisting that then the constitutional paradox by which he would be prevented from taking his seat could no longer be defended by anyone. This idea was at first so startling that even O'Connell could not be induced to act upon it. His doubts were, however, soon overcome, and the plan was taken up with immense enthusiasm."

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DR. ADLER.

W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

W. & D. Downey, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

DR. ROBSON ROOSE.

BRONLEY HARLEY

THE PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK.

THE national interest in the announcement of a marriage engagement between the late Duke of Clarence and Avondale and the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck might well be regarded as an augury of a happy alliance. The peculiarly sad circumstances of the Duke's death, only a few months after his betrothal, won for Princess May the deep sympathy of all classes. The congratulations so spontaneously offered on all sides were changed to condolences, and there was probably no one who did not feel for the young Princess.

The frank and engaging manners of the Princess Mary of Cambridge were regarded as the happy characteristics of a genuine Englishwoman before her marriage to the Duke of Teck in 1866, and the popular estimate of her character has been strengthened by the genial, unostentatious disposition which has endeared the illustrious occupants of the White Lodge at Richmond to all those friends and neighbours, of whatever station, who have had the good fortune to come within their social influence. The Duke of Teck himself had such a genuine appreciation of English customs, and possessed such a thorough sympathy with the qualities of our domestic institutions, that he soon became an almost typical representative of a distinguished English household, and, while maintaining a bright and pleasant originality of manner which adds grace and piquancy to his address, is a familiar and welcome friend at those local assemblies which have for their object the amelioration of distress or the improvement and recreation of the working classes.

The Princess Mary—as old-fashioned people still designate her—is perhaps even better known in the districts of Mortlake and Richmond—for the White Lodge has been her home, and no charitable or educational effort is set on foot without its complete success being associated with her kindly counsel and the presence of herself and her daughter, who is endearingly known as "the Princess May." The White Lodge has also, of course, been the home of the Princess; there she has spent the

greater part of her life since her birth on the 26th of May, 1867, and thither congratulations and good wishes were conveyed by a multitude of those who have learnt to regard her with affection and esteem. The news of the betrothal was celebrated at Richmond with significant rejoicings: the Rev. Canon Proctor at once ordered the bells to be rung; the band of the borough performed a musical selection suitable to the occasion; and the members of the Town Council and other public bodies passed resolutions of congratulation and proposed expressions of good will, to be followed by celebrations which were the key-note to similar observances in the City of London and every part of the kingdom.

These congratulatory expressions were not confined to this country, but were almost universal, and messages of Imperial interest reached Marlborough House attesting the satisfaction of foreign Governments. It is, however, to the enthusiastic reception of the intelligence of the betrothal by the English nation that we may attach the greatest significance. It suggested a general and deep gratification that the bride of the eldest son of the Prince of Wales was to be distinguished not only for those personal charms and graceful accomplishments which she undoubtedly possesses, but for a fund of good sense, a gentle, unaffected, frank nature, a disposition to study the happiness of those who are associated with her, whatever may be their relative position, and a thorough appreciation of what may be called domestic life. In such a life, in useful and beneficent occupations, and in the healthy exercises which now are regarded as an essential part of the training of young ladies, she has been educated, and she may be said to be a typical English girl of the highest rank, an example of home training under the loving care and capable instruction of a mother eminently endowed with the rare quality of common sense. The peaceful life of the Princess has been neither ostentatious nor secluded: she has taken comparatively little part in Royal or highly fashionable functions, but she has the dignity which belongs to self-possession and simple straightforwardness, a familiar and gracious presence, which neither exacts nor expects any servile tokens of respect, and she therefore has too much respect for herself and for others to assume an appearance of condescension. Those who know and love "the Princess May" associate her name with the blossom which is the English symbol of simplicity and sweetness of disposition.

It is said that the engagement was by no means unexpected, as it had for some time been noticed that the Duke of Clarence and Avondale paid marked attentions to the Princess at various country houses where they had been amongst the guests; and these attentions, it was believed, were received with some tokens of a reciprocal regard. At all events, it would appear that the course of true love ran smoothly, and that, while the Prince and Princess of Wales offered no obstacles to their son's suit, the Queen invited the Princess May to Balmoral on her recent visit apparently to find an opportunity to discover whether there was a mutual attachment, in which event Her Majesty was ready not only to approve, but to encourage. At all events, rumour declares that the proposal was made by the Duke of Clarence and Avondale while he and the Princess were on a visit with a large party at Luton Hoo, the residence of M. and Madame de Falbe. M. de Falbe, formerly the representative in England of the Court of Denmark, had been entertaining the Prince of Wales a few days before, and the Duke of Teck remained as one of the guests.

Without impertinent assumptions, it may be surmised that the young people had come to what may be called a provisional understanding before the formal proposal was made and accepted. The Duke hastened to London, accompanied by his future father-in-law, to acquaint the Prince and Princess of Wales with the happy issue of his proposal, and then went off to Windsor to receive the sanction of the Queen, who, it is said, gave a hearty and affectionate consent; and "all went merry as a marriage bell," when two days afterwards the bride-elect, with her parents and her elder brother, Prince Adolphus, left Luton Hoo for London, and—not without some popular demonstrations of regard—drove to Marlborough House to a family assembly, which awaited the arrival of the Queen from Windsor, whence she journeyed to London to express her warm congratulations. The date of the marriage had been already fixed, when the Duke was seized with an attack of influenza, which was followed by pneumonia, to which he succumbed, after a few days' illness, on January 14th, 1892.

SIR WILLIAM THOMSON.

A RECENT writer remarking on the fact that specialists, for all their deep and intimate knowledge of their one subject, require an extensive acquaintance and an easy familiarity with other allied branches of knowledge for the clearer appreciation of their speciality, mentioned Sir William Thomson and von Helmholtz as the only two living natural philosophers in the time-honoured, extensive sense of the term.

Professor W. K. Clifford in his "Seeing and Thinking" has in the most charming manner shown his appreciation of the remarkable attainments of Helmholtz as a physiologist, physicist, and mathematician. Many have been the tributes of respect and veneration shown for Thomson's abilities. His claims are fully as high, his dues from the scientific world as widely-varied and as permanent. Thomson is a specialist in each branch of modern physical science, and also in mathematics; he is a most successful practical engineer and electrician; and he has the faculty of giving his knowledge to the world.

He was born at Belfast in 1824, coming of a Scotch family. His father, Professor James Thomson, LL.D., was appointed to the mathematical chair at the Glasgow University in 1832, and was well known as an able teacher and as a mathematical writer. But his greater claims are vested in his two sons, William and James.

William entered his father's class at the age of eleven, and showed remarkable talent at that youthful period. When only seventeen he published some of his own original investigations in mathematics, and his pen has never been idle since. At eighteen he entered St. Peter's College, Cambridge, and in 1845 graduated as second wrangler and first Smith's prizeman. It is curious to note that three of the finest mathematicians of this century—Thomson, Clerk-Maxwell, and Clifford—graduated as second wranglers in taking their degree.

That in addition, Thomson should be able during his college course to take up athletics strongly, to earn the reputation of being a good oarsman.

and actually to pull off the Colquhoun Silver Sculls, is sufficient to show that he was no bookworm, but a well-balanced and clear-headed genius with the prospect of a long and useful life before him. At that time his interests were further given to classics, music, and general literature, but these have since been for the most part laid aside.

In 1846 he was appointed to the chair of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow when only twenty-two years of age, and has held the post ever since, in spite of the most cordial and tempting advances made to draw him to other centres of learning. His brother, the late Professor James Thomson, LL.D., D.Sc., etc., well known for his researches in hydrodynamics, heat, and other physical subjects, became professor of engineering at the same university, which thus owes no small portion of its success to the Thomson family.

It would be useless to attempt anything like a detailed account of the work that Thomson has done during the last 45 years. To the novice, and indeed to the expert also, the list of his papers to the various societies is almost appalling. Fancy the mind that can tackle a question like this, which forms the subject of one such paper:—"To construct by given vortex-motion of an incompressible, viscid fluid, a medium which shall transmit waves of laminar motion as the luminiferous ether transmits waves of light." These investigations of his concerning the beautiful "Vortex Theory" of matter, which suggests that our material atoms are vortices or "smoke-rings" of an all-pervading ether, involve such difficulties in their development as cannot yet be overcome.

But Professor Thomson did not keep out of touch with the world in the study of such romances in science; and though his theoretical work was required to enunciate the law of the velocity of electric signals through long submarine cables, yet the statement of this law would never have of itself insured the ultimate success of the laying and working of the Atlantic cables.

Professor Thomson showed that the working currents of electricity through the cable must be exceedingly small, and immediately set to work to produce instruments sufficiently refined to detect such small currents. Such an instrument is his mirror-galvanometer, which records the electric signals by flashes of light on a distant scale. His siphon-recorder is more ingenious still, for it writes down the message.

This pioneering work in connection with Atlantic cable-laying was

rewarded with a knighthood in November, 1866, after the successful issue of the "Great Eastern" expedition of that year.

Sir William's further patents are numerous and lucrative. His name attaches to the best electrometers and other electric measurers of various types and applications. His tide-predicter will foretell the height of tides at any place. His magnetic compass is the most reliable; and his sounding-machine, introducing pianoforte-wire in deep-sea sounding, has been of much service in cable-laying and in navigation generally.

All his instruments are beautifully finished, exceeding care being given to the design of every part.

He has published with Professor Tait the first two volumes of a very fine treatise on Natural Philosophy, unfortunately never likely to be completed. Already three large volumes of his mathematical and physical papers have been issued, besides two volumes of popular lectures and addresses, papers on hydrodynamics, and other writings.

All honours are his that associations at home and abroad can offer a man of science, and we need not enumerate them. The highest England can give is that of being President of the Royal Society, an honour which is now Sir William Thomson's. In 1892 he was created a peer of the United Kingdom, a distinction which had never before been granted to a scientist.

MISS JULIA NEILSON.

MISS JULIA NEILSON is one of the many individuals who discover their genius for the profession they eventually adopt while being educated for quite another career. In other words, Miss Neilson was intended for a vocalist, but is now, after an extraordinarily short experience, in the very front rank of the theatrical profession. She was born in London in 1869, and was educated at Wiesbaden. At the age of fifteen she returned to London and studied at the Royal Academy of Music. Her first honours were obtained as a pianist, and subsequently under the training of Signor Randegger she won great distinction as a singer. She gained the Llewellyn Thomas gold medal for declamatory singing, the Sainton-Dolby prize, the Westmoreland scholarship, and other honours. But she was already, while in the midst of these triumphs, turning her eyes in another direction. Mr. Barnby witnessed an amateur performance in which she played the part of Galatea, and he at once advised her strongly to adopt the stage as a profession. He introduced her to Mr. W. S. Gilbert, and she made her first professional appearance as Cynisca in *Pygmalion and Galatea* at the Lyceum in March, 1888, Miss Mary Anderson taking the part of Galatea. In May of the same year Miss Neilson appeared as Galatea at the Savoy, and in the following month as Lady Hilda in *Broken Hearts*, and as Séléne in *The Wicked World*. When Mr. Rutland Barrington made his unfortunate venture in the following winter as an actor-manager, he engaged Miss Neilson for the leading part in Mr. Gilbert's play, *Brantinghame Hall*. The play was a dismal failure, but Miss Neilson's efforts to sustain a somewhat thankless part evoked many favourable criticisms.

In July, 1889, she appeared as Julie in *A Man's Shadow* at the Haymarket. Then she went on tour with Mr. Beerbohm Tree's company, and besides acting in several plays, she was selected to recite Dr. Mackenzie's verses on "The Dream of Jubal" at the Norwich Festival and also at the Albert Hall.

At the reopening of the Haymarket in the autumn of 1890 she

appeared as Clarice in *Comedy and Tragedy*, and as Pauline in *Called Back*. Hitherto she had made no distinct hit in any one of the characters she had attempted. But in every impersonation there were signs of that undefinable something we call promise. And when in January, 1891, Mr. H. A. Jones's play *The Dancing Girl* was produced at the Haymarket, nobody was surprised to hear that Miss Neilson was cast for the leading part. The character of Drusilla Ives was one singularly suited to her peculiar powers. In the early days of her career there were not a few critics who were in the habit of praising her beauty at the expense of her histrionic talents. Her impersonation of Drusilla Ives has opened the eyes of these gentlemen, and has abundantly justified Mr. Gilbert's belief in her powers.

Drusilla Ives is a type of the woman who by turns fascinates, repels, and attracts the men who come in her way. A creature of surpassing beauty, absolutely devoid of any moral sense, and yet born of Quaker parents, and educated in the strictest principles of religion. From a child she has been at war with the associations of her birth. They crib, cabin, and confine her, and she goes to London to find the life for which her whole nature craves, and she there abandons herself recklessly, passionately, but with all the grace of a born lady, to the joy of living. She must be worshipped, loved, and applauded at every point of her existence. She is a fine study of a not uncommon type of woman, and Miss Neilson plays the part with a charm, an abandon, and an intelligent appreciation of what the character demands, which have won her praise from all quarters.

Miss Neilson's beauty is of that rare and delicate type which combines all the charm of childish prettiness with mobility of features and intellectual expression. And her voice, besides being rich and melodious, is

> "Ever soft,
> Gentle and low—an excellent thing in woman."

These gifts with which Nature has endowed her suggest her limitations as an actress. For great tragic parts she would appear to be eminently unfitted, and even in comedy her range is probably limited. But within that range she may achieve many more brilliant successes. Miss Neilson was married in October last to Mr. F. Terry, the actor who takes the part of John Christison in *The Dancing Girl*.

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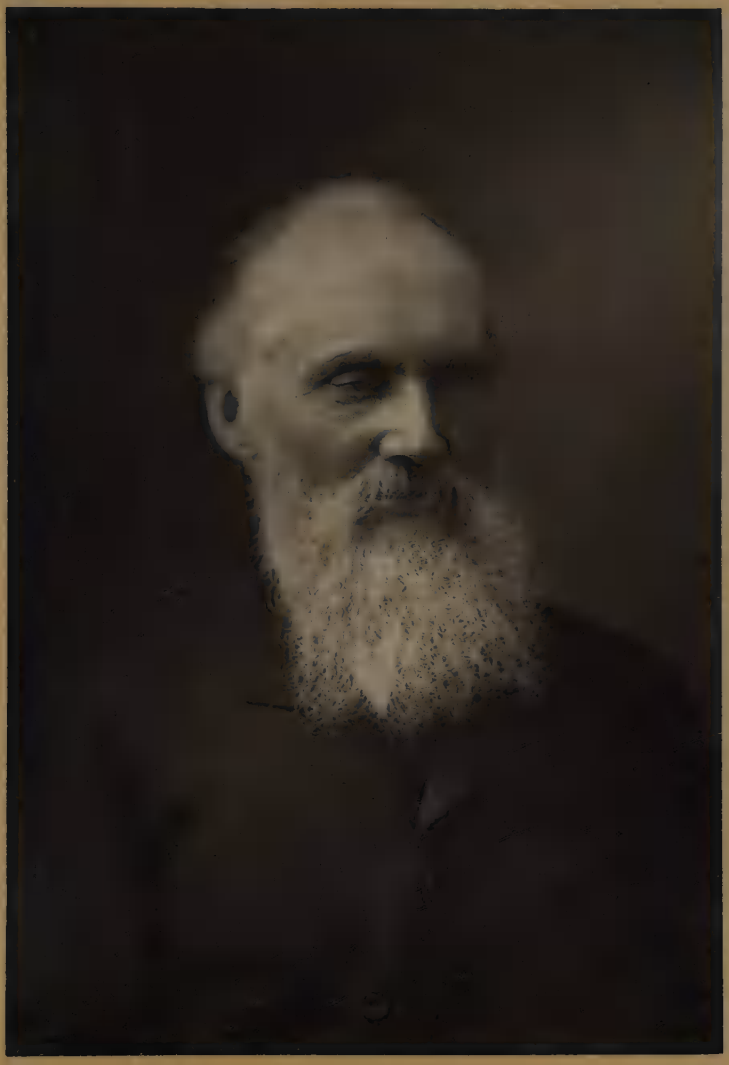
PRINCESS VICTORIA MARY OF TECK.



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SIR WILLIAM THOMSON.

W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

MISS JULIA NEILSON.

THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR WELLESLEY PEEL.

THE office of Speaker of the House of Commons is one of the highest and most important in the kingdom. Its duties require remarkable faculties and attainments, and a rare combination of firmness, tact, and discrimination. To preside over the deliberations, and to keep order during the debates and discussions, of the British Legislative Assembly needs much personal dignity, no little self-control, and great knowledge and experience of the proper forms and proceedings to be observed and enforced.

The election of Speaker, therefore, is as important now as it was in the days when that great officer was more strictly the "Speaker," or spokesman, who conveyed the decision of the Assembly to the Sovereign, or to the representative of the Sovereign attending to know what the faithful Commons intended to do with regard to royal applications for grants of money, or assertions of regal authority. The Speaker is still, as the president of the Legislative Assembly, the representative of the rights and liberties of the House, and therefore of the people who elect its members. On the first day of the meeting of a new Parliament the Speaker is elected by the members of the House of Commons, and on the following day, when he attends with the Commons at the House of Peers to receive the intimation of the Sovereign's approval of their choice, his first official duty is to lay claim, in the name of the Commons, to their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges, which being confirmed, he and his fellow members return to their own Chamber to take the oaths, he being the first to observe that solemn ceremony.

The rule is that the Speaker may hold office until a dissolution of Parliament, but should the office become vacant during a Session, a new Speaker is elected and presented for the Royal approval, but he does not claim the privileges of the House. Though the most remarkable features of procedure in the House of Commons are connected with the extensive powers conferred on the Speaker, that important officer (unlike the Lord

Chancellor in the House of Lords) takes no part in debates except (and then in very rare cases) when the whole House is in Committee. He never votes except the numbers of members voting aye or no should be equal, in which case he may give the casting vote. The Speaker acts in a manner which is independent of any party in Parliament or politics. When the whole House is in Committee he vacates the chair, the Serjeant-at-Arms removes "that bauble" the mace, and the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means usually presides, though any member may be appointed to do so. Whenever an Order of the Day is read for the House to resolve itself into Committee (not being a Committee to consider a message from the Crown, or the Committee of Supply, or of Ways and Means) the Speaker leaves the Chair without putting any question, and the House resolves itself into such Committee, unless notice of an instruction to the Committee has been given, in which case such instruction has first to be disposed of.

The Speaker has a residence in the Legislative Palace at Westminster, with a salary of £5,000 a year. Officially he ranks as "First Commoner," and on his final retirement from office is usually awarded a pension of £4,000 a year and is raised to the peerage.

It is not surprising that there have been few Speakers in modern times. The House knows that it is well to keep a man with the requisite characteristics in that high office as long as possible, for there are not many who could fulfil its onerous obligations or undertake its responsibilities.

Thus, though there have been several new Parliaments, there has been no contested election of a Speaker for more than half a century; and when, on the retirement of Sir H. Brand (afterwards raised to the peerage as Viscount Hampden), Mr. Peel was elected, it was felt, to use a common expression, that he was "the right man in the right place"; and this conclusion was confirmed by the power and dignity of the address which he delivered on his election.

It may be said that the Speaker inherits the calm and distinguished presence, and something of the statesmanlike manner, of his eminent father, Sir Robert Peel—that manner which seems often to have been as efficient in supporting his followers as it was in irritating and sometimes confounding many of his most inveterate opponents. In the high functions exercised by the president of the House of Commons such characteristics are valuable, even if not absolutely essential; but Mr. Peel possesses other qualifications

of a high intellectual order, and his knowledge of procedure has been attained by a long experience in Parliamentary and official life.

The Right Honourable Arthur Wellesley Peel, the fourth and youngest son of the famous Minister who brought in the Repeal of the Corn Laws, was born on the 3rd of April, 1829, and was educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took his M.A. degree. He became a barrister-at-law, and determined to seek Parliamentary distinction, became a candidate for Coventry, but did not succeed in obtaining a majority, and in 1865 sought the suffrages of the electors of Warwick, who returned him as their representative in Parliament, a position which he has continued to hold to the present time. In 1868 he was appointed Secretary to the Poor Law Board, and from 1871 to 1873 was Secretary to the Board of Trade, after which he became respectively Patronage Secretary to the Treasury and (for a short time in 1880) Under-Secretary to the Home Department. He had achieved such a high reputation for sagacity, experience, and judicial temper that on the retirement of Sir Henry Brand, in 1884, he was elected Speaker amidst general expressions of esteem and goodwill on both sides of the House.

In 1887 he received the degree of D.C.L. of Oxford, having again been appointed to the high office in the previous year, on the motion of Lord R. Churchill seconded by Mr. Gladstone.

In 1862 Mr. Peel married Adelaide, elder surviving daughter of William Stratford Dugdale, Esq., of Merevale Hall and Blyth Hall, Warwick. During the severe illness of this lady, and on her lamented death in the month of December, 1890, the sympathy not only of the great assembly over which he presides, but that of the nation, was felt and expressed for the Speaker of the House which represents the people.

LADY CAREW.

THE lady of whom "counterfeit presentment" is here made can afford to be above philosophy, as the German monarch could afford to be above grammar; but if she were compelled to give her mind to anything so "harsh and crabbèd" (*pace* the poet), she would assuredly be found in the ranks of the optimists. A favourite of fortune, she owes still greater obligations to Nature. It is not always that the great Mother, even when in the mood for great things, does her work with so much completeness and finish. Lady Carew is admired for her beauty by the crowd, who do well; but to her friends, whom she is able to number by "troops," it is well known that her beauty is less than half of her title to esteem. If the world corresponded exactly with our fond intuitions, there would always be graciousness and serenity of spirit to match charm of feature. Nature is sometimes less regardful of our high-toned theories than she might be; but in this instance she has been careful to leave no room for disappointment. That as soon as she had made herself known to the peasantry on and around Castle Boro, her husband's estate in county Wexford, Lady Carew, although all her connections were with a detested class, should have won their hearts, Nationalists though they were, can surprise no one who has come within the range of her influence. It was in 1888 that she became the wife of Lord Carew, who, if only the third baron of this style and title, is a scion of what the genealogist quite safely calls a "great and ancient" family, the main line of which has been for so many generations associated with the county of Devon. She herself belongs to a well-known family of the West of England, being the daughter of the late Mr. Albert Lethbridge, and granddaughter of the late Sir John Lethbridge, of Sandhill Park, near Taunton.

If Lady Carew's life has been happy in the sense of having in it little of the eventful, it contains one chapter at least which distinguishes it from the ordinary experience of a beautiful and popular English lady. When but a child, she, with her sister, was taken by her mother to Persia on a visit to her uncle, Mr. Charles Alison, then head of the British

Diplomatic Mission at Teheran. Such a journey for a lady and her daughters had less of the commonplace in it, even but a few years ago, than it would have in these globe-trotting days, and Teheran "society" made much of the party. The Shah was particularly interested in the young ladies, for they were the first English children he had ever seen; and when, some years afterwards—in 1886—he visited these shores, he did not fail to renew the acquaintance. Lord and Lady Carew have a more than usually interesting collection of heirlooms, including a pair of sleeve-links presented to an ancestor of Lord Carew by James II., in token of his gratitude for much-needed succour when, in the course of his flight after the Battle of the Boyne, he reached Castle Boro. But to their descendants, probably, none of the family treasures will be more interesting than the large uncut ruby presented to Lady Carew by the Shah in memory of her visit to his capital. It bears an inscription in Persian, with the name of Jehanghir, the great Emperor of India of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, remarkable not alone for his wisdom as a ruler, but also for his romantic passion for the lovely and amiable Noor Jehan, and for the embassy sent to his Court by the father of the king who was ministered unto at Castle Boro.

We shall not presume to allocate Lady Carew's beauty to any special type: those who think the process a fitting one may apply it themselves, with the aid of the accompanying portrait. Suffice it to say that it consists not alone in regular features, a wealth of rich brown hair, and the frankest blue eyes, but also in a freshness and delicacy of complexion which vividly illustrates the limitations of the photographer's art. The secret of this crowning charm is not to be found in the life Lady Carew lives in London during the season, however congenial her environment may seem when she is moving people to admiration in crowded salons. Rather must it be sought in her free and natural life at Castle Boro, where she spends much time in the open air, taking long walks, and entering with unaffected interest into such health-giving pursuits as fishing and boating.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

THE name of John Stuart Blackie is a household word in Scotland, and no form is more familiar in the streets of the Scottish capital than that of the Emeritus Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University. Even the stranger and sojourner turns to gaze with interest at the spare, erect figure, enveloped in the Highland plaid, marching buoyantly along, as if to the sound of some stirring bagpipe strain unheard by other ears, and at the fine sharply-cut profile, set off picturesquely by the flowing mane of silver-white hair, and crowned by the soft black slouch hat. Those who can name this breezy and original personality look after it with an indulgent smile, in which pride and affection are mingled with a little amusement: "It is Blackie!"

Some of the spring has left the venerable Professor's step of late years, and he does not swing his *kail runt* so vigorously as of yore. But he is still young in heart, in spite of his fourscore years. He is full of unquenched enthusiasms, and as ready as ever to do battle for those causes in the domain of scholarship, education, art, music, patriotic feeling, and right thinking and right acting generally, of which he has constituted himself the champion. If you approach near enough, the chances are that you will hear him crooning to himself some snatch of a Scottish song, or Gaelic air, or German *burschenlied*, or modern Greek ballad, these being the tongues and strains that dispute in his affections the thundering roll of Homeric verse and the serene accents of Platonic philosophy.

Professor Blackie was born in July, 1809. He has recently taken the world into his confidence regarding the memories and impressions of his youth. Born in Glasgow, of Border blood, and by "early influences and early training an Aberdonian," it might be thought that circumstances had conspired to endow him with the perfervour of spirit and the hard-headedness—the fire and the granite—of which the typical Scot is compounded. Removed to Aberdeen when three years old, he left school for college at the early age of twelve. He tells us, a little to our surprise, that his school-days were uneventful, for he was "as a rule, a very sober, sensible, and well-behaved human

creature." "Being made of good Scottish stuff, and working steadily," he early acquired a mastery of the Latin tongue, greatly by dint of a habit of making a living appropriation of necessary words and idioms, and "flinging them about audibly." The veteran Professor confides to us that by nature he is "a talking animal," to which it may be added that he is also "a walking animal"; and the pedestrian tramps that afterwards carried him far afield over Europe and to the summit of many a *Ben* seem to have begun on the links of Aberdeen, in the buffetings of the east wind. His early scheme of life, induced by an excess of what he calls morbid religiosity, was to choose the Church as a profession, and he left Marischal College at the age of fifteen to finish his quinquennial Arts course at Edinburgh University.

A happy opportunity of continuing his studies on the Continent turned his thoughts into new channels and widened his horizon. He attended classes in Göttingen and in Berlin, drinking in new facts and ideas from men like Heeren, Ranke, and Neander; and he afterwards spent fifteen months in Rome, where, with Baron Bunsen as his friend and mentor, he gave his attention to classical archæology.

He returned home to find that a tender conscience would not permit him to fulfil his plan of making the ministry a profession. The law was open for him; but although he passed the examination qualifying him to practise as an advocate, it soon appeared that he would never make his living at the bar. He began to court letters in earnest, publishing, at the age of five-and-twenty, a translation of the first part of "Faust," and writing articles to *Blackwood* and other magazines of sixty years since. Still, as he pleasantly conceives, he was too much of a severe systematic student to make a safe life-voyage with the light-armed, privateering fleet of literature, and he was brought to anchorage by what he terms "a happy combination of personal merit in the travelling scholar and paternal influence in the world of patronage," that led to his appointment as Professor of Latin in the newly created chair in the Marischal College, Aberdeen. Others will admire the prudence and good luck of the young man of thirty, remembering Carlyle's description of him long after as one who "carries more sail than ballast."

During the eleven years he held his Aberdeen chair, he made several interesting contributions to philology and general literature, and produced a metrical version of the plays of Æschylus; and his name was brought still more prominently before his countrymen by his vigorous attempts to move the public and the Government to take up the work of University Reform.

In 1852 he was appointed Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University. For thirty years, until his resignation in 1882, he held this chair, and a host of students annually caught from his lips some of his enthusiasm for the Hellenic literature, along with a knowledge of the Hellenic tongue. It was easier, however, for the Professor to stir the spirit of youth than to lay it, and "Blackie's class" was always one of the noisiest in the college.

The teacher's own spirit was too enterprising, combative, and mercurial to be content with merely academic duties. Professor Blackie was always more the philosopher than even the scholar, and more the poet than either. He wrote on Greek quantities; he expounded the Platonic theory of beauty and scheme of ethics; he published philological and archæological studies and critical dissertations; he crossed swords with John Stuart Mill, Grote, and Max Müller on their own special ground; he expounded his views on the Highland land system, on the educational value of modern Greek, on the tendencies of modern Atheism, and took part in newspaper correspondence, and controversies innumerable. But in his ballad version of the Iliad, in his rendering of the student and soldier songs of the Fatherland, and in his "Lays of the Scottish Highlands and Islands," Blackie is found at his best; unless, indeed, we take as his worthiest and most memorable utterance the wise and noble words of counsel to young men contained in his little book on "Self-Culture."

Meanwhile the eloquent and versatile Professor has wandered far and wide —from St. Petersburg to Cairo, and from Altnavona to Stamboul. He is a familiar figure on many a platform. He has composed and chanted sonnets on many a high hill and under many a green tree. At home in Douglas Crescent, Edinburgh, he loves to sit surrounded by his books, under the benignant busts of Greek sages and modern poets and heroes; to look out towards the leafy slopes of Corstorphine Hill or down into the valley of the water of Leith, and to hold animated discourse on men and things with an appreciative friend or visitor. His enthusiasm for the Gaelic tongue and literature stirred him to raise a sum of £12,000 for the endowment of a Celtic Chair at Edinburgh. The neglect of Scottish minstrelsy and the wrongs of Highland crofters never fail to rouse him to eloquent wrath, which often takes lyric form. Withal, he has never failed, throughout his long career, to exercise, by precept and example, a liberalising, stimulating, and humanising influence upon the men and the thought of his day.

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THE RIGHT HON. A. W. PEEL.

W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

LADY CAREW.

W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

MR. HALL CAINE.

IN order to thoroughly understand Mr. Hall Caine's position as a writer of novels, one must also take into consideration the work of his contemporaries, Zola and Turgenieff; for it is in strong reaction against the realistic school, represented by these authors, that Mr. Caine has done his best work. Moreover, he is not content with writing novels which are literally steeped in romanticism; he is never weary of attacking the realistic tendencies of his brother novelists, and of claiming for his own ideas the foremost place in the literary world of the future. Indeed, no estimate of his character would be worth much which did not lay special stress upon his strong personality, his belief in himself, and his faith in the mission to which he has dedicated his best energies.

And, again, to thoroughly understand Mr. Hall Caine's intellectual temperament, it is important to remember that on his father's side he is a Manxman, and that in a very real sense he is his father's son. To the Celtic blood in his veins he doubtless owes his impulsiveness, his deep religious fervour, his enthusiasm, and his love of romance. He was not born, however, in the Isle of Man, but at Runcorn in Cheshire, and 1853 was the year of his birth. He began his career as an architect in Liverpool, and his earliest literary efforts consisted of contributions to the *Builder*, the *Building News*, and the *Liverpool Mercury*. It was at this time that he began an intimate friendship with Dante Gabriel Rossetti, which only ended with the poet's death in 1882. How much that friendship has done for him is obvious to all who are acquainted with Mr. Caine's writings. Indeed, he himself, in his "Recollections of Rossetti," published in 1882, has borne eloquent testimony to the influence his friend exercised over him. And it is interesting, in view of Mr. Caine's subsequent career, to know that at that time he was trying his wings as a poet, and that Rossetti damned his attempts with at least faint praise; and, what is more to our purpose, he told Mr. Caine in a letter, "I do think I see your field to lie chiefly in the achievements of fervid and impassioned prose."

Mr. Caine published in 1882 a little book entitled "Sonnets of Three

Centuries," and in the following year "Cobwebs of Criticism." Then he began that series of novels by which his fame as a writer must stand or fall. In "The Shadow of a Crime," and in "A Son of Hagar," he struck the note he subsequently developed with greater richness and power in "The Deemster," "The Bondman," and "The Scapegoat." The whole series may be well described in Rossetti's own words as "achievements of fervid and impassioned prose." It is, however, in the last three books that Mr. Caine's powers are seen at their best. It is in these works, too, that one realises to the full what his ideas on the art of novel-writing result in, when put into practice by a master of the craft. To appreciate his methods one must take him on his own terms or not at all. He is a writer whom it is possible to like or dislike very much, but who inspires no milder sentiments. "Not the bare actualities of life as it is, but the glories of life as it might be; not the domination of fact but of feeling." That is the keynote of his gospel, and the reader of his stories who demands in a novel the treatment and analysis of the complex emotions which result from our modern social life will put his books down with a sense of disappointment. Sufficient to Mr. Caine are the old-world motives of revenge, love, jealousy, and hatred, in their primary elements, unmixed with any subtler shades of feeling or emotion.

And while he abhors the realism of Zola, he is scarcely less contemptuous of the teacup realism of American novelists, and of Mr. Howell's dictum that "all the stories are told." He has made good his objections by telling stories of his own, which, for rush of movement and imaginative power, have few equals in modern literature. Mr. Caine has told us that one of the first lessons an apprenticeship to journalism taught him was the superiority of the short sentence for all practical purposes. Certain it is that whether it is the result of education or whether it is born with the man himself, Mr. Caine possesses the rare gift of writing vividly and picturesquely, while limiting himself to a plain Saxon vocabulary. Many of the scenes in "The Deemster" and "The Bondman" are quite perfect of their kind, and the only fault to be found with their author is that, whether the subject be great or small, he is always "on the heights." One can readily forgive him his exorbitant demands on our credulity, but his impassioned style sometimes wearies us from its persistency. Nevertheless, even this may be forgiven him when we remember that however much he may dwell "on the heights," he is never guilty of a reaction into the opposite extreme. It is said of Mr. Darwin that he hated novels which did not end happily. Mr. Darwin would have liked Mr. Caine; for Mr. Caine believes

that unless "poetic justice" is administered at the conclusion of a story, the book is not worthy to rank as art at all.

Besides his work as a novelist, he has come forward on two occasions in the capacity of a dramatist. In collaboration with his friend Mr. Wilson Barrett, he dramatised "The Deemster," and it was produced in 1888 at the Princess's Theatre under the title of *Ben-my-chree*. In 1890 he wrote the play of *Mahomet*, but in consequence of the religious objections raised, its performance before a London audience was seen to be inadvisable, and the play is still awaiting a suitable opportunity for production.

Mr. Caine resides for the greater part of the year in the Lake District. His house is situated in a beautiful spot not very far from Keswick, and it is here where most of his writing is done. He is a great believer in the stimulus which is given to literary work by pitching one's tent among the mountains; but he travels a great deal in other countries as well. In "The Deemster" and "The Bondman" he restricted himself to the Isle of Man and Iceland as backgrounds for his stories, but in "The Scapegoat," Morocco is the country which provided him with his inspiration; and it is an open secret that he is contemplating a visit to Russia for the purpose of his craft.

In January, 1891, he lectured at the Royal Institution on "The Little Manx Nation," and subsequently published a book bearing the same title. In this book he remarks upon the almost total dearth of great names among Manxmen. He is a Manxman himself; he is still young, and the Isle of Man may not unreasonably look to him to take away her reproach among men.

MISS KATE RORKE.

TO be a heroine all one's life; to be always beautiful, always clever, always fascinating, yet always unselfish, always gentle, always good; to be sustained in the deepest afflictions—a friend's treachery, a father's anger, a lover's faithlessness—by a well-grounded belief in Providence (and a happy ending); this surely is an ideal existence, and for some ten years this existence has been Miss Kate Rorke's.

Miss Rorke was a very small person indeed when, as one of the little village girls who present Olivia with a bouquet, she first faced the footlights in 1878. This first experience of the stage was distasteful, but at the day-school to which she now returned she distinguished herself in recitations and theatricals, and in another year or two we find her as a candidate for a part in *Betsy*. Mr. Wyndham seems to have been attracted by her acting, but refused the part—that of an engaged young lady—on the score that Miss Kate was not sufficiently "grown up"! a decision that was, no doubt, regarded by the juvenile aspirant—well over fourteen—as a very gross piece of impertinence. But she had not long to wait for her real *début*, as she obtained shortly a part in *School*, in which she delivered her lines with sufficient point and vivacity to attract once more the attention of Mr. Wyndham, who, being generously forgiven, engaged her services for two years. For the next five years—the agreement was renewed at the end of the second—Miss Rorke acted in the bright, but slight, comedies and farces in which her actor-manager has always most distinguished himself, accompanying him to America in 1882; but she had no opportunity for the display of the greater qualities which have earned her so high a position amongst English actresses of to-day.

Her first chance was her first success. On the termination of her engagement in Mr. Wyndham's company she was invited to assume the part of Lucy Preston in *The Silver Shield*, and her presentation of this pathetic figure won her the admiration of all. An engagement ensued with Mr. Thorne at the Vaudeville, and she played in a succession of unimportant comedies, of which *Held by the Enemy* was, perhaps, the

most popular, until the performance of Mr. Buchanan's stage version of *Tom Jones*, in which she achieved another great success as Sophia; and she won much praise later as Fanny Goodwill in the next piece, *Joseph's Sweetheart.*

Now came that mysterious engagement to act in Mr. Pinero's unwritten play. On its being announced in the papers that she was to take the part of the heroine in *The Profligate*, to be performed by Mr. Hare's company at the Garrick Theatre, Miss Rorke at once published a correction. The statement was, she said, quite without foundation. Much to her astonishment she then heard from Mr. Pinero, who had somehow neglected to tell her before, that the part of Leslie Brudenell was indeed meant for her, and that this was the unnamed drama for which she had engaged herself.

In itself a powerful and most dramatic composition, *The Profligate* depended largely for its success on the admirable acting of Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Kate Rorke in the two principal *rôles.* Here at last Miss Rorke's full powers were exhibited. In addition to the freshness, the grace, the simplicity that had always marked her acting, there was here a depth of feeling, an emotional power, as well as a tenderness and a charm, that surprised even those whose hearts had gone out to Lucy Preston in *The Silver Shield.*

Fresh, graceful, simple, powerful, tender, charming!—

> "'Has she no fault, then,' Envy says, 'Sir?'
> —Yes; she has one, I must aver"

—a fault that is the natural defect of these qualities; one that she had to hint at when as Helena, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, she protested "I have no gift in shrewishness." Miss Rorke has no gift not merely in shrewishness but in wickedness, and unpleasantness generally. Hence she must ever continue in that heroine's existence, which, though so ideal in the abstract, may sometimes pall—on her, that is, not on us. It is doubtful, for instance, whether she could assume the *rôle* of the poisoning wife in *A Fool's Paradise*, the play in which she has lately been delighting her audiences as the sweet hospital nurse. No, were Ibsenism to prevail, Kate Rorke's occupation would be gone.

Miss Rorke was born at Mortlake, but if name and face speak truly, she is of Irish extraction. She is married to Mr. E. W. Gardiner, himself an actor of some repute.

SIR JOHN ELDON GORST.

HEN the Liberal Government of 1880 came into power and Lord Randolph Churchill, being returned for Woodstock, refrained from allying himself to any party or policy, but preferred to call himself a Tory rather than to accept the title of Conservative, three other members took their seats with him on the front bench below the Opposition gangway. These four members together were jestingly called "The Fourth Party," a name which they retained till their wide divergence (for they did not agree in opinion) reduced them to three and then to two.

The Hon. Mr. Arthur Balfour, nephew and assistant private secretary to Lord Salisbury, was one of the quartette; another was Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, member for Portsmouth, whose former accomplishments in the diplomatic service had already marked him for office, and, though he lost his seat in Parliament, the Conservative Government of Lord Salisbury which came into power in 1885 sent him to Constantinople to confer with the Sultan on the affairs of Egypt.

It will be remembered that Lord Randolph Churchill was then qualified for a place in the Conservative Cabinet by the Secretaryship for India. Everybody knows what has been the distinguished success of Mr. Balfour, the present Leader of the House of Commons. The legal member of the so-called "Fourth Party" was Mr. John Eldon Gorst, Q.C., the representative of Chatham, and he became Solicitor-General when the Conservatives came into office. He was regarded as an able debater, his speeches from the "Fourth Party" bench being remembered with no little approval. With the Solicitor-Generalship Mr. Gorst received the honour of knighthood, and in the following year was appointed Under Secretary of State for India.

Mr. Gorst's father was in his later years known as Mr. E. C. Lowndes, for he had taken the names of Lowndes. His distinguished son was born in 1835, and was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he took a Third Wrangler's degree in 1857. His public life was soon distinguished, as he became Civil Commissioner for Waikaito, New Zealand, in 1861, a position which he held till 1863. Before he was called to the Bar in 1865 he had written

"The Maori King: the Story of Our Quarrel with the Natives of New Zealand."

In 1866 he entered the House of Commons as representative of Cambridge, but not succeeding in a contest for the same constituency in 1868, was returned for Chatham in 1875, and has continued member for the same place ever since. In the same year that he entered Parliament for Chatham he was made Queen's Counsel, and ten years later, in 1890, became a member of the Privy Council.

Among many distinguished services rendered to the State by Sir John Gorst, not the least important have been those belonging to his appointment as one of the English delegates who attended the Labour Conference held in Berlin in the year last mentioned, and during 1891 and the early months of 1892 the position which he maintained on the questions discussed at our Labour Congress attracted considerable attention. In September (1891) he visited Ireland, and in November was appointed Financial Secretary to the Treasury.

It was in relation to the Royal Commission of Inquiry on the conditions of Labour that Sir John undertook a tour through the south and west of Ireland, that he might investigate those conditions there, more particularly among the agricultural population. On his arrival at Cork he visited the School of Art, and received deputations from bodies representing labourers and from trade societies, who called attention to the long hours of labour demanded of agriculturists and trade operatives.

Sir John, in a brief but telling speech which gave great satisfaction to his hearers, observed that he had not come to Ireland as a teacher but as a learner, and particularly to see the condition of the rural labourer. At the Royal Commission sitting in London there had been great difficulty in arriving at any practical knowledge on this subject. He subsequently said that the movement to shorten the hours of labour was not an English or an Irish movement. It was one that prevailed over the whole of Europe, almost over the whole civilised world. People might differ as to the extent to which it had to be carried, or differ as to the mode in which the thing was to be done; but almost everybody sympathised with the movement itself. A wish on the part of the workers themselves to shorten the hours of labour, so far as to give themselves time for the other duties of life which they had to discharge, and for mental improvement and recreation, was natural and praiseworthy, but there was also the point of view of national interests. The wealth of the

country was composed of the produce of labour. If every man worked to the best of his ability, it would be a great and wealthy country. If men worked hours which were too long for their health or too long for the efficiency of their labour they would not produce more, but less wealth. These remarks serve to indicate the views of Sir John on the general question which is now being discussed by the Commission of which he is an able and experienced member.

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SIR JOHN GORST.

MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

THE "Meissonier of the English stage" is the title given to Mr. Beerbohm Tree by one of his least appreciative critics, one of Mr. Irving's most enthusiastic eulogists. Such labels are never wholly satisfactory, but for the sake of instituting a comparison between the two actors let us follow the bad example set us and dub Mr. Irving our stage Verestchagin. The style of the famous Russian painter will certainly serve as well to suggest Mr. Irving's brilliant successes not always without flaw; his *flamboyant* creations always and, therefore, sometimes wrongly *flamboyant;* his picturesque personality, for some characters too picturesque; as does that of the great Frenchman the achievements and method of Mr. Tree. Meissonier's exquisite finish, his accurate observation, his power of delineating comedy as well as tragedy—the rollicking air of a half-drunken ne'er-do-well, no less admirably than the repressed despair of a Napoleon—find at least their dramatic equivalent in the acting of Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

Whether Mr. Tree will ever attain Mr. Irving's unique social position may well be doubted. Mr. Irving broke on the British public with all his strange vigour at a time when the drama was in a stagnant condition, and he came with a halo of romance over him from the picturesque vicissitudes of his struggling youth. Mr. Tree commenced his career when—thanks largely to the Bancrofts and to Mr. Irving—the drama had completely revived; and he has suffered in point of romantic interest from all the disadvantages of a drab prosperity. Mr. Tree is the son of Mr. Julius Beerbohm, a successful German grain merchant, and was born in London in 1853, his mother being English. At the age of seventeen he entered his father's business, much against his own inclinations, for he was already stage-struck, and it was not until 1878 that he finally abandoned the office-desk, although in the meantime he had gained some experience of acting in an amateur company known as "The Irrationals." His first professional engagement was in a company on tour in the South of England. At Folkestone, in the part of a blind old colonel, he was indebted to a failure of memory for a curiously realistic effect. A local critic described the performance as one of most remarkable subtlety: the young actor, he

said, had thoroughly mastered the habits of the blind, "even down to the nervous twitching of his fingers, and the listening for the falling leaf, as though loss of sight made hearing more clear to him." The good journalist little knew that the twitching of the fingers was a signal to the prompter, and the "falling leaf" the prompter's voice!

We have space but for a bare chronicle of his impersonations during the next few years. In 1880 he acted with Miss Geneviève Ward in *Forget Me Not* and other plays, and appeared as Sir Andrew Ague-Cheek in *Twelfth Night* at a *matinée*. In 1881 he was given the part of the die-away æsthetic Lambert Streyke in *The Colonel*. In 1882 Mr. Tree may be said to have made his *début* as dramatic representative of the *haute noblesse* of Europe. Italian princes, Russian counts, German barons, French marquises, good and bad, old and young—Czernocskis, Zabouroffs, Hartfelds, Malleottis—have since been presented to us in quick succession by Mr. Tree. Almost every quality needful for the proper representation of such characters is peculiarly his: insight into racial character; a wonderful command of foreign accents, due partly to his imitative powers and command of voice, but also to his knowledge of foreign tongues; a peculiar gift of "making-up"; and a native distinction of manner and bearing, that yet can be completely disguised at need. It was in 1882 also that he appeared in *Stormbeaten* as Jabez Green, the poor half-cracked country lad, a less picturesque Barnaby Rudge. In 1883 his most notable performance was in *A Great Catch*, in the "howling swell" character of Lord Boodle. Next came Prince Borowski, in *The Glass of Fashion*, one of the most notable of the foreign parts already alluded to; and then *The Private Secretary;* followed by Paolo Macari in *Called Back*—in this presentation of unredeemed insolent wickedness Mr. Tree was most successful, and the whole performance was one, emphatically, to "scarify the emotions." Remarkable in itself, it seemed marvellous by reason of its contrast with Mr. Tree's previous impersonation. The Rev. Robert Spalding—with his goloshes, and his gamp, his buns, and his bottle of milk, his watery eyes, and his cold in the head, and that expression of his, in comparison with which the dying duck's in the thunderstorm would be almost aggressively self-assured—was as limp, as flabby, as effeminate, as innocent, as good, as Macari was violent, insolent, rough, passionate, depraved. No other actor could have impersonated both characters with such truth and such success. In 1887 Mr. Tree boldly challenged comparison with Coquelin *aîné*, in the character of Gringoire, a great *rôle*, requiring great powers. A touching picture of a simple-minded,

large-hearted German, full of love for his wife and his little daughter, and his fatherland, came now as a change from the emotional part of the wild revolutionary starveling poet, and gave evidence of remarkable powers of self-repression. Next came Captain Swift, bushranger and desperado and romantic hero.

Falstaff followed—a Falstaff modelled to some extent on Cruikshank's well-known illustration, but devoid of the manliness and the dashing air of that picturesque libertine—a huge blear-eyed, bloated, crapulous, gloating, wholly despicable Falstaff, whose very voice was greasy and disreputable. Triplet followed Falstaff, and was followed by King John, both carefully studied and well-conceived impersonations. Then came *A Man's Shadow*. Here again Mr. Tree's versatility was given full play. His Lucien Laroque was an almost perfect picture of the less emotional French gentleman, polished, amiable, handsome: his Luversan was the personification of the scum of the outer Boulevards; the details of his "get-up," the cracked voice, the singular gait, the humming of the *café chantant* air, the whole conception of the character was a triumph of Zolaism.

We have room but for the bare mention of the three following impersonations: the Abbé Dubois in *The Village Priest*, one of his most admirable performances; the interesting study of an intellectual rake, as the Duke of Guisebury in *The Dancing Girl*, a less emotional part than those allotted by him to Mr. Fernandez and Mr. Terry; and finally, Beau Austin, in which he is believed to have more than realised the expectations of the authors, Mr. Henley and Mr. R. L. Stevenson.

Now came the much talked of performance of *Hamlet*. From a variety of causes Mr. Tree's Hamlet cannot be said to have roused such enthusiasm as Mr. Irving's, but it has been awarded the highest praise by many of the younger and more brilliant dramatic critics of the day, and has been pronounced by all a consistent, interesting, and touching conception; whilst Mrs. Tree obtained unqualified admiration as Ophelia, a character in which few actresses have proved successful.

Mr. Tree leads a hard life in the twofold character of manager and actor, but he is devoted to his art—desirous of raising it in men's esteem, and of making it a power for good. What little he has of private life must be genuinely happy, for his wife is declared to be as charming to her friends in her home as to us, her distant admirers, in the theatre.

LADY JEUNE.

LTHOUGH an active figure in Society, Lady Jeune could have afforded to laugh with the humblest at the types of Society philanthropist upon whom the most successful of contemporary dramatists has recently poured his satire. Her works of mercy began a good while before philanthropy became fashionable; she, indeed, is one of the foremost of those who have made it fashionable. Her "rescue" work, of which the "Home" at Kilburn is the centre, takes us back some sixteen years. Nor was even that the beginning of the activities to which the "enthusiasm of humanity" impelled her. A daughter of the late and sister of the present head of the Mackenzie clan, Miss Stewart-Mackenzie's life till her eighteenth year was spent in Scotland, and mostly at Seaforth, the ancestral home. Then she came to London, and it was not long before the woes and sins of the great city moved her to compassion. The late Colonel Stanley (brother of Lord Stanley of Alderley), whom she married in 1871, was a guardian of the poor for the parish of Marylebone, and it was from what she was led to see in entering into his duties in that capacity that she devoted herself to the task of providing a way of escape for those who, without being utterly abandoned, had lapsed from virtue. The extent to which this work has grown may be judged from the fact that last year the number of cases received was 156. Of these, 59 were restored to their friends and 46 were sent into situations, the whole of them, indeed, except seven, being satisfactorily accounted for. Work of this kind, as everyone knows, is attended with special difficulties, but Lady Jeune, who "doubles" the offices of manager and hon. secretary, is not slow to assure her friends that from none of her undertakings has she derived so much satisfaction and encouragement as from this. That this should be so is, no doubt, chiefly owing to the thoroughness with which the work is done. Even when situations have been found for them, the reclaimed women are not left to their own resources. They know that should they ever need assistance or advice, Lady Jeune's door is at stated times open to them; and should they return to a life of shame they can never honestly plead that they were driven to it by want.

Blessed with abundant energy and a happy facility, Lady Jeune, in addition to exercising the oversight of this Home, is able to carry on a beneficent and several-sided work among the children of the East End. A manager of no less than three large Board Schools in this part of London, she knows well enough that unless they are fed children will not even have the chance of being dull. She has, therefore, thrown herself into the Free Dinner Movement, and to such purpose that in 1890—an exceptionally hard year—over 200,000 meals were supplied to hungry little ones. Thanks mainly to contributions received through the medium of the *Standard* and *Truth*, she is able to send hundreds of her East End children into the country for a summer holiday, and in 1891 as many as 2,500 of her *protégés* enjoyed this unspeakable treat. She is also President of the Children's Happy Evenings Association, which is doing admirable and growing work, not so much in providing amusement for waifs of the street as in teaching them to amuse themselves. Nor does this exhaust the list of her benevolent activities. Enough has, however, been said to make it clear that in capacity for organisation and management, as well as in power of application, Lady Jeune stands in the front rank of those who have done so much in a few short years to show that the inequality of the sexes in these respects is considerably less than man, proud man, had complacently assumed. It may be added that she has borne her present name since 1881, when she married the eminent ecclesiastical lawyer who in 1891 succeeded Sir James (now Lord) Hannen as Judge of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice.

MR. SCHNADHORST.

THE various extensions of the franchise which have taken place during the last fifty years have had the effect of rendering the necessity for organisation in a political party of as much importance as a popular leader and a good programme. Indeed, many enemies of Mr. Gladstone are only too ready to attribute the successes he has met with at different General Elections not to his eloquence or statesmanship but to the superior organisation of the great party of which he is the leader. That there is a half-truth in such an accusation every Liberal would admit, and no one more readily than Mr. Gladstone himself. He has repeatedly acknowledged his indebtedness to Mr. Schnadhorst, the Secretary of the National Liberal Federation, who for a number of years has acted in the capacity of chief wire-puller to the Liberal party. And the Conservatives themselves have borne unwilling testimony to the services of Mr. Schnadhorst by the way in which they have at one and the same time denounced the man, and endeavoured to appropriate his methods. One of the charges formerly hurled against the Liberal party was that it was controlled by what was called "The Birmingham Caucus," and Mr. Schnadhorst, as the director-in-chief of that body, came in for a considerable amount of opprobrium.

He was born at Birmingham in 1840, and was educated at King Edward VI.'s Grammar School. His first opportunity for showing his capacities as an organiser arose on his election to the Secretaryship of the Birmingham Liberal Association. After the Liberal defeat of 1874, new methods of organisation were felt to be necessary by the party leaders, and Mr. Schnadhorst's successful work at Birmingham became the model for a large number of constituencies. So marked were Mr. Schnadhorst's successes that on April 9th, 1877, he was presented by Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., on behalf of the Liberal party, with a purse of £1,000 and an address. It was in this year that there was formed under his organisation the National Liberal Federation, of which body he is still the Secretary. In 1884 he resigned the office of Secretary of the Birmingham

Liberal Association, and was elected Chairman. At the general election of 1885 he was asked to stand as parliamentary candidate for two of the Birmingham divisions, but he declined. When the great schism in the Liberal party took place in 1886 over the Irish Question, Mr. Schnadhorst, although still at Birmingham, threw in his lot with Mr. Gladstone, and devoted himself with no less energy than his chief to the work of converting the constituencies to Home Rule. It was found desirable in the interests of the party to remove the National Liberal Federation headquarters from Birmingham to London, and on this occasion, in March, 1887, Mr. Schnadhorst was entertained at a banquet, and was presented by the Liberal party with a testimonial of 10,000 guineas and an address.

Mr. Schnadhorst is also Honorary Secretary of the Liberal Central Association. This body exists for the routine business of the party, working in conjunction with the chief whip for the time being; while the National Liberal Federation is a popularly managed organisation existing for educational and propagandist work in the country, and embracing within it the eight or nine hundred Liberal associations of England and Wales. "The essential principle of the Federation is the participation of all members of the party in the formation and direction of its policy, and in the selection of those particular measures of reform and progress to which priority shall be given. This object can only be secured by the organisation of the party upon a representative basis—that is, by popularly elected local Associations, and by the union of such Associations in a general Federation." This is the principle of the once much-abused "Caucus," and by its means the pulse of the party can be easily and readily ascertained at any given time. The decisions come to at the annual meetings of the Federation have almost a controlling influence on the policy of the party. The smoothness with which this huge machine works is due in the first place to Mr. Schnadhorst, who may almost be regarded as its creator. Something like dismay entered into the hearts of many Liberals when, some two years ago, it was feared that, owing to ill-health brought about by his exertions in the cause, he would have to retire from active service. Mr. Gladstone, at the Annual Meeting of the Federation at Manchester in 1889, gave expression to the feeling of his party in the following words:—"It is a subject of grief to us, and I should wish an expression of that grief to be conveyed to him, that he is unable from pressure on his health, due to his great exertions,

to be among us at this moment; likewise to convey to him an expression of our fervent hope that a short time may suffice to restore him to full force of body and to the renewed discharge of his duties, and to a participation at an early date in that glorious issue of a glorious struggle to which he, as much as, or almost more than, any other man, is entitled."

So far as Mr. Schnadhorst's health is concerned, Mr. Gladstone's hopes have been realised, and he is again at the headquarters of the Federation working for that victory which he probably feels is now almost within his grasp. The improved position of the Liberal party at the present moment, compared with its dismembered and disheartened condition in 1886, is in part due to the persistent work of organisation which Mr. Schnadhorst has carried on throughout the United Kingdom. The Liberal party, if one may judge from the bye-elections of recent years, has recovered from the disastrous effects which followed the adoption of the Home Rule programme, and the coming General Election may possibly find them once more in a majority in the House of Commons. Few politicians were sanguine enough in 1886 to expect so rapid and complete a restoration to health on the part of what was then the mere rump of a once great party. But political life is full of surprises, and it must never be forgotten in any estimate of the causes which have brought about this result, that in two respects the Liberal party has been particularly fortunate. It has had for leader during the last five years the greatest of living Englishmen, whose unwearying persistency in what seems a lost cause is one of his most striking characteristics. And for the no less important work of organisation it has had for chief wire-puller during these years a man whose experience in this kind of work is unrivalled, and whose energy is inexhaustible.

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MR. BEERBOHM TREE.

W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

LADY JEUNE.

BROMLEY PUBLIC LIBRARIES

W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

MR. SCHNADHORST.

MR. J. R. DIGGLE.

AT the time of the passing of the Education Act of 1870 the upholders of the old system of education were loud in their prophecies that, in consequence of what they regarded as a mistaken policy, voluntary schools and religious teaching in public elementary schools were doomed to an early death. So far as London is concerned the actual results have been very different. For some time past there has been a backward tendency at work in our education policy, so much so that at the last three elections for the London School Board the friends of voluntary schools and religious teaching in Board Schools have secured a majority of the seats at the Board, and since 1885 the Chair has been occupied by a man who owes his reputation to the ability and persistency with which he has fought against the Progressive policy. Mr. Diggle has many opponents, but there is scarcely one among them who would not bear willing testimony to the great energy he exhibits in fighting on behalf of the cause he has so much at heart. It is to his credit, too, that, although holding very pronounced opinions, and not being over-modest in expressing them, he has during his long term of office made so few enemies. As Chairman he has won the respect of all parties for his fairness and courtesy in the conduct of public business.

Mr. Diggle is a Lancashire man, and was born in 1845. He graduated at Wadham College, Oxford, and was ordained priest in 1875. For four years he was curate of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, but he resigned his curacy on being returned in 1882 as one of the members for Marylebone on the London School Board. At the Board his abilities were very quickly recognised, and not many months had passed before he had, by virtue of his superior qualities as a debater and organiser, drifted into the position of leader of the party in whose interest he had been returned. In 1885 he was elected Chairman in succession to Mr. E. N. Buxton, a supporter of the Progressive policy, who was defeated by the newly returned Clerical majority. In 1888 and again in 1891 Mr. Diggle was elected Chairman, his party having at each election maintained their numerical superiority. His majority at the present

moment is not, however, altogether due to the fact that the people of London have any particular affection for the voluntary system, or even for definite religious teaching in Board Schools. No one more than Mr. Diggle himself regrets the general apathy of Londoners on the whole subject. Indeed, only about a quarter of the electors take the trouble to record their votes once every three years. For a variety of reasons the School Board itself is unpopular in London, and Mr. Diggle's majority is perhaps rather to be explained by the increased expenditure which the carrying out of his opponents' policy would entail. The London voter is a peculiarly sensitive individual on the subject of rates, and so long as Mr. Diggle is able to show that the policy he represents means a reduction of expenditure, his opponents will have considerable difficulty in defeating him at the polls. His presence in the Chair of the London School Board practically means that London objects to a high School Board rate. Mr. Diggle would be the first to acknowledge that he owes his position to the fact that his particular policy is associated with the demand for greater economy in the Education Department.

But Mr. Diggle is something more than a partisan and an apostle of one particular system of education: he is one of the hardest-worked men in the City of London. He attends the offices of the Board on the Thames Embankment every day with the regularity of a man of business. Much of the work that he is called upon to perform requires all the qualities one expects in the manager of a large business undertaking. There are over 400 schools under the Board, accommodating nearly half a million children, and giving employment to more than 7,000 teachers. The Board itself consists of fifty-five members, representing the various divisions of London. The meetings take place once a week, but the main part of the work is done by committees and sub-committees. With all this work the Chairman is more or less in touch, and his unrivalled experience on the subject of education is daily brought into requisition on the many questions which arise in the carrying out of the work of the Board.

In spite of his identification with what has been called, for want of a better term, a "backward tendency," he is, on his own lines, an enthusiastic believer in the value of education. At a recent meeting of the Board he stated that while the work he had to do was brightened many times by the kindly indulgence of his colleagues, still the thought which gave the work its attractions to him was the knowledge that there were thousands of children in London the opening years of whose lives were made brighter and whose path

in life had been made plainer "because in our schools and under our guidance the whole of their faculties of mind, soul, and body are drawn out and trained to their perfect use." Mr. Diggle's words are not without justification. He can point with pride to the extraordinary diminution in juvenile crime which has taken place during the last twenty years. In spite of the increase in population, the number of juvenile offenders was only 3,872 in 1890, as compared with 9,998 in 1870. The simple statement of these figures is the most effective answer that can be given to those who still regard the Education Act of 1870 as a mistake. One of the leading principles of that Act was the recognition of voluntary schools in the system of national education which it inaugurated. The policy of the opponents of Mr. Diggle is to end the compromise of 1870 by placing all the schools of England under one management. It is obvious that in any such change the religious question would be a serious difficulty, and it is because Mr. Diggle sees that possibly religious education itself is threatened that he champions so vigorously the voluntary system. In his own words, "every practical proposal for the reform of the present educational arrangements must assume the continued existence of non-Board Schools as a part of the provision for elementary education." The voluntary schools he delights in calling "the essentially Christian schools of England," and greater than his love of education, greater than his desire for economy, is Mr. Diggle's belief in the value of a religious education. So strongly does he feel on this point that he is anxious at a favourable opportunity to enter the House of Commons for the purpose of advocating his views on education, and with this idea in view he has relinquished his "orders" in the Church of England, and, of course, the title of "Reverend," by which he has been known to the people of London for so many years. He is strongly in favour of the removal of the restriction which at present excludes clergymen of the Church of England from the House of Commons.

MISS ADELAIDE DETCHON.

MONG the brilliant group of talented and beautiful women America has sent to this country to recruit the artistic professions, none is more entitled to a foremost place than Miss Adelaide Detchon, the leading exponent of that department of lyrical art with which her name is popularly associated.

A native of Ohio, U.S., her early education was received at the Euclid Avenue High School, Cleveland, and further pursued in New York and Boston. From the first she showed a marked predisposition towards her art. In one of those financial crises that now and again sweep across America, her father's fortune was sacrificed. Miss Detchon looked upon this calamity with positive joy, seeing in it an opportunity of working out for herself a career, with talents which seemed burning in her for expression. Encouragement sprang like flowers at her feet; and a well-balanced head only prevented her, thus early, from being spoiled by flattery. When visiting this country for the first time, Miss Detchon appeared before members of our own Royal Family and of the Royal Houses of Europe. Her success in high quarters led her to think of submitting her art to the judgment of a wider public. She accordingly made her *début* in Edinburgh in November, 1886, in a series of lyrical and musical recitals, which took the critical and cultured audiences of the capital of Scotland by storm. A bond of sympathy also sprang up between her and the Scottish University students, who lavished upon her the generous enthusiasm of youth, and bestowed on her valuable decorations emblazoned with the arms of the sister Universities. These, among many honours she has received from Royal hands and learned societies, are cherished with much pride. Miss Detchon has frequently appeared in London, and there is scarcely an important town in the three kingdoms in which her name is not known.

Miss Detchon has commanded success because she deserved it. It is true that, more than most women, she has been dowered with personal charms. Her face is fair, her eyes sparkle with intelligence and life; her voice, sympathetic and musical, is attuned to express the most delicate shades of thought; her figure, in repose and movement, is instinct with grace. But to such outward manifestations of Nature's favour she combines a true artistic temperament. To

her belong a keenness of intellectual perception, an eminent creative faculty, and a sensitive emotional nature, which, harmoniously, she brings to bear upon the study of the work before her. Cultured, too, and abundant are her executive resources ; her style is unconventional—fresh as a prairie breath. Like a good American, she draws largely for her programmes on the writers of her own country. Their vigour and originality have many attractions for her. Her range of expression is wide. She is equally at home in the interpretation of simple lyrics and poems suffused with a light and delicate humour ; while in patriotic lays, such as "Barbara Fritchie," the lines are declaimed with something of the inspiriting effect of the trumpet sounding for the battle. In sharp contrast is her treatment of such numbers as "Editha's Burglar"; with wonderful realism she can imitate the notes of her native American birds, and when she essays an important recital from Longfellow, such as the pathetic famine scene from "Hiawatha," or that weird legend of King Robert of Sicily, it is to realise to her audience, by varied and subtle intonation of voice and eloquent action, the imagery of the poet with vivid pictorial effect. This power of picturesque presentment, alike in pieces grave and gay, is undoubtedly one of the outstanding features of Miss Detchon's art. While culling the flowers of poetry from her native land, Miss Detchon does not neglect to glean from many fields ; indeed, as she laughingly remarks, the author with the signature of "Anon" is one of her best friends.

Miss Detchon also possesses great natural vocal endowment, and her singing forms an attractive part of her charming and refined entertainments. The tide of prosperity flowing in upon this gifted young American lady was, unfortunately, seriously interrupted by an illness which laid her aside for nearly two precious years. She is, however, again restored to complete health. Her recent recitals have disclosed a growing maturity in her powers, and, ample as has been her success in Europe, she looks forward to winning, at no distant date, the applause of her countrymen and countrywomen on the other side of the Atlantic as the proudest privilege of her life. Our wishes go with her that she may be received by her compatriots with the same enthusiasm that in the Old World has cheered her path to fame.

MR. SOLOMON J. SOLOMON.

FROM the Restoration, when London was "all too wanton and too full of gawds," when the Duke's Theatre, too, had uncrowned queens for leading ladies, until the downfall of "Judged" Jefferies and his King, French art reigned supreme in England, and court favourites vied with each other in their patronage of such Parisian artists as Duval, Chéron, Delafosse, and Parmentier, over whom society raved in much the same manner as we did over Jumbo, and Cetewayo, and Buffalo Bill. But his Majesty of Orange changed all that. Cold himself, he disliked Frenchmen, quite apart from their religion, for their vivacity and their wit; so all the French painters, save one, became unpopular, and that one, Laguerre—he whom Pope lampooned,—was employed by William to paint the "Labours of Hercules" at Hampton Court. Poor Laguerre! Our own school now began to rise, and never from that period until almost recently has French art had any popular influence in this country. But nowadays, unhappily, art in England is a flat reflex of art in France, and London, once again, artistically speaking, is a suburb of Paris. It is with all the more pride, therefore, that we think of Mr. Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A., Mr. George Clausen, and Mr. Solomon J. Solomon—three Anglo-Frenchmen who have taken away, by their good parts, the reproach of imitative mediocrity, which, but for them, would lie on the achievements of the Anglo-French brotherhood.

Mr. Solomon was born at Southwick on the 16th day of September, 1860. His father is a leather manufacturer, his mother a native of Prague (Bohemia). Both fell greatly in love with the mazy monsters which their son drew at the age of four, and thought him, very naturally, a lad of uncommon ability. Possibly he himself was of the same opinion, for he stuck bravely to his pencil, and at last, by drawing a man with one head in the right place and a solitary leg with something of a calf, he made his father critical. "The boy must have lessons now." Accordingly the boy had lessons: first at the school of Mr. Thomas Whitford, M.A., and next at Heatherley's, in Newman Street, whence he passed most creditably, in his

sixteenth year, into that last resting-place of art—the Royal Academy. After studying here for eighteen months, and having acquired the rudiments of the algebraical art of composition as demonstrated to him by that great master of line, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Solomon went to Paris, where, through the kindness of H.I.H. Prince Lucien Bonaparte, he got an introduction to Cabanel, who received him into his studio at the Beaux-Arts. Nine months later we find him painting at Munich, under Wagner, whose false methods, however, soon drove the student into Italy. Here Mr. Solomon observed how the naïve traditions even of the greatest art in the past were centralised and monopolised in well-regulated guilds, and in the successive generations brought to the highest development of which they were capable.

Returning to England, he now exhibited his first picture at Burlington House (the portrait of a gentleman). A trip through Spain followed this scrap of official encouragement, and a winter spent in Morocco with Mr. Hacker introduced his colour to the sunlight. In the spring, feeling dissatisfied with himself, Mr. Solomon again sought his master, Cabanel, took a studio as well for himself, and laboured hard at life-size studies, for the mere sake of technique, for nearly ten months. The Salon then accepted a vigorously-brushed portrait of Dr. Stephens, while the R.A. hung a highly-finished little picture, "Waiting." His next Academy work, "Ruth and Naomi," was painted in his garden at Tangier, during a second visit to Morocco; but it was not until 1886, when the big "Cassandra," now in the Ballarat Gallery in Melbourne, was "skied" to an extent which made that word to appear tame and inexpressive, that Mr. Solomon scored a marked success.

"Cassandra," it is true, was thought meritorious from an academic point of view; still, such drawing as we have in the muscular figure of Ajax Oileus, who snatches Cassandra away from the foot of Minerva's statue, is much too sinewy and nervous to bespeak the talent of any ordinary student. Indeed, it is the work of a hand already in nerve-telegraphic communication with the heart—as, in fact, was proved the very next year, when "Samson" astonished the *illuminati* more than it did the critics. The *illuminati* were delighted with the audacious realism of that moving picture, with the artist's total disregard of commonplace pictorial environment, with his rude manifestation of muscle and of madness. They liked to see a young man rejoicing in his skill and displaying his science;

whereas the critics doubted whether the artist could succeed where the subject required dignity and pathos. Mr. Solomon answered these doubts by painting "Niobe," a picture of absolute repose, which received a third-class medal at the Salon. The mother, as she stands on that marble staircase, surrounded by her dead and dying children, seems positively to be turning into stone. The figure is therefore, as it should be, eminently statuesque, and were the children left to the imagination, we should name it Niobe. Last year's "Judgment of Paris" is too fresh in memory to need comment; and as for the achievement of 1892, "Orpheus and Eurydice"—well! it is worthy of Watts himself. The scene is in hell. Orpheus, standing on a rock, near the reclining foreshortened figure of a partly-nude woman, is in the act of playing on his enchanted lyre; but whilst he charms eagles and lions and snakes to forget their natures, he himself is charmed by Eurydice, who rises just behind him on the right, supported by an angel whose outstretched wings, heliotrope in colour, make a light background for the musician. The composition hangs marvellously together, the drawing evidences great tenderness in line and in sentiment, while the gamut of colour, extending from the rich red of a drapery flying round the loins of Orpheus to the warm white of Eurydice's robe and the green-blue mountains and sky beyond, is most harmonious.

So far, Mr. Solomon's career has been undisturbed by fear or by failure. He has dared, he has succeeded. But what will he do in the future? He wants, we believe, for his next big picture a subject rich essentially in glowing colour. Have we not our industrial centres, our collieries, furnaces, manufactories, each one of which awaits a poet-painter who never comes? It is true that the Black Country has inspired one artist—the late George Mason, A.R.A., whose "Evening Hymn!" hung at the Academy in 1868, refuses to be forgotten. But Mr. Solomon would be more at home in our furnace districts. Here, at midday, under a burning July sun, when the molten iron flows in a spluttering ruby stream into the beds of "pig" moulds, and a dozen half-nude Samsons check and guide its course, there is a picture all alive with glorious colour and with muscular animation. If Rembrandt only lived to-day, he would surely paint it! Will Mr. Solomon please try?

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MISS ADELAIDE DETCHON.

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THE RIGHT HON. LEONARD COURTNEY.

ITH the growth of democracy, and its corollary party organisation, the independent member seems threatened with extinction. Prophecy to this effect, however, is somewhat interfered with, by the continued presence in Parliament of Mr. Leonard Courtney. For he is not at all likely to disappear; and yet he is the most independent member in the House. He is the very antithesis of opportunism, yet he is anything but a doctrinaire.

The son of Mr. William Courtney, a banker of Penzance, he was born in that town in 1832. After an education at private schools (it was before the days of the Endowed Schools Commission) he entered his father's bank, but his energies took him further afield. In 1852 he went up to St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1855 he obtained very nearly the highest mathematical honours that Cambridge—or any university—can bestow. He was Second Wrangler, and was equal with the Senior Wrangler in the competition for the first Smith's Prize—an examination which is a better test of mathematical ability than the Mathematical Tripos ever was at its best. Naturally, he was soon elected to a Fellowship at his college, and like most lay Fellows, he went to the Bar. He entered at Lincoln's Inn, and was "called" in 1858. His early training had turned his attention to political economy—a branch of learning which other distinguished mathematicians, including its present professors both at Oxford and at Cambridge, have made the study of their lives. From 1872 to 1876, he was professor of the science at University College, London; and he is the author of the article on Banking in the "Encyclopædia Britannica"; while many of his short articles and lectures which have appeared in the *Fortnightly* and *Nineteenth Century* deal in a more popular way with economic subjects. As a political economist he is sound, rational, and orthodox.

But he had long before found work in a more attractive, if more obscure sphere. He had written leaders in the *Times* for years on the proceedings in Parliament. He knew the House as well, and it knew him as well, as most of its own members. Naturally, he sought a closer relation. In 1874

he stood for Liskeard, now merged in a division of Cornwall, but was beaten by the sitting member, Mr. Horsman, who was what in those days passed for a Moderate Liberal. A long visit to India in 1875 increased his preparation, and in December, 1876, on the death of his former antagonist, he succeeded him as member for Liskeard.

Though little known to the general public, he had achieved a high reputation amongst his acquaintances. The *Spectator*, for instance, prophesied that he would "rise fast and far." For a time, circumstances interfered. It was complained that—like other men who bring their reputation with them into the House—he was a little too conscious that he possessed one; and he was thrown into an involuntary association with the little band of Irishmen who just then were perfecting the art of obstruction. The South African Confederation Bill was before the House in 1877. Mr. Courtney opposed it on its merits. Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar obstructed it for tactical reasons. The event entirely justified Mr. Courtney's action. But for a time he was warned that he bade fair to wreck his prospects by association with the Irish members. He was the consistent opponent of the annexation of the Transvaal, and of a forward policy in South Africa. When Mr. Gladstone returned to power in 1880, Mr. Courtney was offered office as one of the representatives of the more advanced wing of the party. He did not at once consent, but at the end of the year, though dissenting both from the Irish and the South African policy of the Ministry, he accepted the Under-Secretaryship of the Home Department. It was the interest of the Government to quiet its critic, and to unite the party in its struggle with Irish discontent. Early in 1882 he migrated to the Colonial Office. In May he became Financial Secretary of the Treasury in succession to the ill-fated Lord Frederick Cavendish, who, as Irish Secretary, was murdered in Phœnix Park. But he soon showed his independence again. He condemned the continued occupation of Egypt, and insisted that the expense incurred in suppressing Arabi's rebellion should fall on the Egyptian revenues—that is, on the bondholders. These views the Ministry had to disavow. Finally in 1884 he resigned his office through his objection to the introduction of single-member districts by the Reform Act, and to the absence of any provision for minority representation. In 1885 he was one of the strongest opponents of the "warlike policy" in the Soudan favoured for a time by Mr. Gladstone's Government after the fall of Khartoum.

In 1883 Mr. Courtney had been thought of for Speaker; in 1885 he

was appointed Chairman of Committees and Deputy Speaker, and held the position in the succeeding Parliament. In 1886 he was one of the most decided opponents of Home Rule. He insisted that the United Kingdom needed centralisation rather than subdivision; and that the real Irish difficulty is not political, but agrarian. But he has equally insisted on the necessity of granting to Ireland an adequate scheme of Local Government—if only as a means to agrarian reform—and suggested safeguards like those proposed by Mr. Balfour's Bill of 1892. Throughout the latest Parliament Mr. Courtney has maintained his independence. His conception of the dangers of Ireland has not made him an undiscriminating supporter of the Government. Thus he has most frankly condemned the appointment of the late Colonel King-Harman, the Orangeman, as Assistant Irish Secretary, and Mr. Balfour's scheme for a Catholic University. He has insisted, too, that Liberal reforms must be pressed on the Conservative party by their Liberal Unionist allies, and has caused some annoyance in Conservative circles in consequence. He censured the action of the Government in appointing the Parnell Commission; declared that he could not see much harm in the famous letters which were the staple of the *Times* charges; and was unsparing in his condemnation of the action, both of the majority in Parliament, and of the *Times* in the matter. He has been anything but subservient to the Government in his post as Chairman of Committees; he has often refused to put their motions for the closure in Irish debates; and has at times incurred a good deal of unpopularity thereby among the Unionist party.

Mr. Courtney's theoretic side has led him to support Woman Suffrage and Proportional Representation. He has defended the latter both in print and on the platform. But he is anything but a faddist. It is regrettable that his literary work is confined to lectures and sound but popular magazine articles. But his sphere is elsewhere. Most independent politicians come, politically speaking, to an inglorious or untimely end. Mr. Courtney is more likely to end his career in the House of Commons as its Speaker.

In 1883 Mr. Courtney married Catherine, eldest daughter of Mr. Potter, long chairman of the Great Western Railway. Mrs. Leonard Courtney is well known for her philanthropic labours in connection with the housing of the poor. In this and similar matters the name of her younger sister, Miss Beatrice Potter, is even more familiar.

THE EX-EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

"SHE is full of courage and spirit, yet so gentle, with such innocence and *enjouement*, that the *ensemble* is most charming. With all her great liveliness she has the prettiest and most modest manner."

These were the words in which Her Majesty the Queen recorded her impressions on first meeting—as her guest at Windsor Castle—Eugénie, Consort of Napoleon III., Emperor of the French. The visit of the Emperor and Empress was on the 16th of April, 1855—eleven months after the proclamation of the war with Russia in the Crimea, during the continuance of which Napoleon III. was a firm and faithful ally of this country, and throughout the protracted struggle showed a marked desire to maintain close and friendly relations with England.

Reports had already reached this country of the social and personal distinctions of the charming lady who had responded to those declarations of affectionate regard which accompanied the entreaty of the Emperor of the French to share with him the brilliant and powerful position which he had attained. Portraits, engravings, reports of envoys, ambassadors, and other keen observers, all endorsed the general impression that the Empress Eugénie possessed a singular charm—a piquant yet delicate beauty—which made her remarkable even amidst a court many of the ladies in which were distinguished in these respects.

The declaration of the Empire had been quickly followed by the marriage of the Emperor. It had been expected that he would seek an alliance with one or other of the royal houses of Europe, though some of the reigning sovereigns had treated him with even more coldness and reserve than they had previously exhibited to Louis Philippe. Charles Louis Napoleon had, however, learnt a good deal during his exile in England, and now that he was the Emperor Napoleon III., he preferred to follow his own devices and to marry a lady whose ancient and noble family was equal to many of those who claimed to represent a more or less ancient royal line. Eugénie Marie de Montijo, second daughter of Count de Montijo, Grandee of Spain, and of Marie Manuela

Kirkpatrick de Closeburn, descendant of a Scottish Roman Catholic family, was, by her education in France and in England, and her travels in various parts of Europe, at twenty-seven years of age well suited to take the lead in a brilliant and accomplished circle like that of the Imperial Court under the Second Empire; and Napoleon III. with a certain manly dignity, which had in it a keen accent of repudiation, announced his intention and his choice.

Our Queen, acting on that admirable womanly instinct which has ever been one of her happy characteristics, sent to the bride of Napoleon III. a spontaneous greeting by the hand of the Prince Consort, who accepted the invitation of the Emperor to visit the camp at St. Omer and Boulogne. The greeting was accompanied by an invitation to the Emperor and Empress to visit Her Majesty at Windsor, and on the 16th of April, 1855, the Imperial guests arrived at Dover in their yacht with an attendant squadron and a fleet of English war steamers. Their subsequent reception as they passed through London, their presentation by the Queen to the English people, when Her Majesty appeared with them in the royal box at the Opera, and also when at the Crystal Palace she appeared amidst the vast assembly leaning on the Emperor's arm, was long remembered. The superb and unaffectedly enthusiastic reception of our Queen, the Prince Consort, and their elder children in Paris, consolidated still more closely the regard felt for the Empress Eugénie by Queen Victoria.

The burden of grief and affliction, the deep and apparently irremediable sorrow of the widowed lady who had so short a time before been the central figure in a great and magnificent State; the seclusion represented, so to speak, by the mausoleum and the funeral chapel—have never cancelled the memories that were associated with the Empress Eugénie; rather has sorrow's crown of sorrow been more truly and deeply respected and acknowledged than the imperial crown itself. The sad circumstances of the second great bereavement sustained by the once imperial lady who had for so long been our guest and the friend of our Queen, are still fresh in the public remembrance, as the calamity itself still evokes that heartfelt sympathy, the expression of which was the only earthly consolation of the widowed mother in the hour of her latest deep distress.

General feeling was greatly intensified by the startling intelligence that Prince Louis Napoleon, the only son of the ex-Empress Eugénie, had been killed by the savage Zulus while out with a reconnoitring party.

The telegram reached the Queen at half-past ten on the night before Her Majesty and the Princess Beatrice were about to leave Balmoral. The anxious thoughts of the Queen were for the bereaved mother—"Poor, poor dear Empress! her only, only child—her all, gone," she wrote in her journal. . . . "We sent for Janie Ely,* who was in the house when he was born, and was so devoted to him, and he was so good. Oh, it is too, too awful!"

Her Majesty, with the Princess Beatrice and the suite, left Scotland next day, but to return in the autumn to Balmoral, where Her Majesty remained longer than usual, because of her desire to comfort her suffering friend, who had yielded to the Queen's earnest entreaty to take up her abode for a short time at Abergeldie for the benefit of the pure air and the restful influence of the surrounding scenery on one whose health had been so broken by bereavement and sorrow. In the Queen's pleasant record of a visit which the two sympathetic women made together to the Glen Gelder Shiel (or Queen's Cottage) we are told that the Empress, who had driven over from Abergeldie, was pleased with the little shiel, with its two small rooms and a little kitchen, standing in a wild solitary spot looking up to Lochnagar, and that after a pleasant walk along the footpath above the Gelder, during which the Empress talked much about former times, they went back to the shiel to partake of tea and a dish of excellent trout, which the Queen's confidential attendant had caught and cooked in a primitive fashion with oatmeal—and which "the dear Empress liked extremely and said would be her dinner." Then there was the quiet return in the glorious autumn evening.

It seems undesirable to add much to so serene a picture, so full of a sad and subdued sentiment, so toned by genuine affection and sisterly concern. It may well be believed that when the friends parted, the Empress—who drove back to Abergeldie, felt that some of the heavy burden had been lifted from her heart by the sense of loving womanly sympathy which expressed with infinite tenderness and sincerity the sentiments of the people of the country in which the lady to whom it was manifested has found a home, amidst the seclusion of a life the evening of which has been devoted to sacred memories, rather than to the recollection of those sumptuous ceremonials of which the lovely Eugénie was the central figure, may be distinctly affirmed.

* Lady Ely was in Paris with the Queen and the Prince Consort, on the occasion of Her Majesty's visit, shortly before the birth of the Prince Imperial. Her ladyship was now in attendance at Balmoral.

MR. JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON.

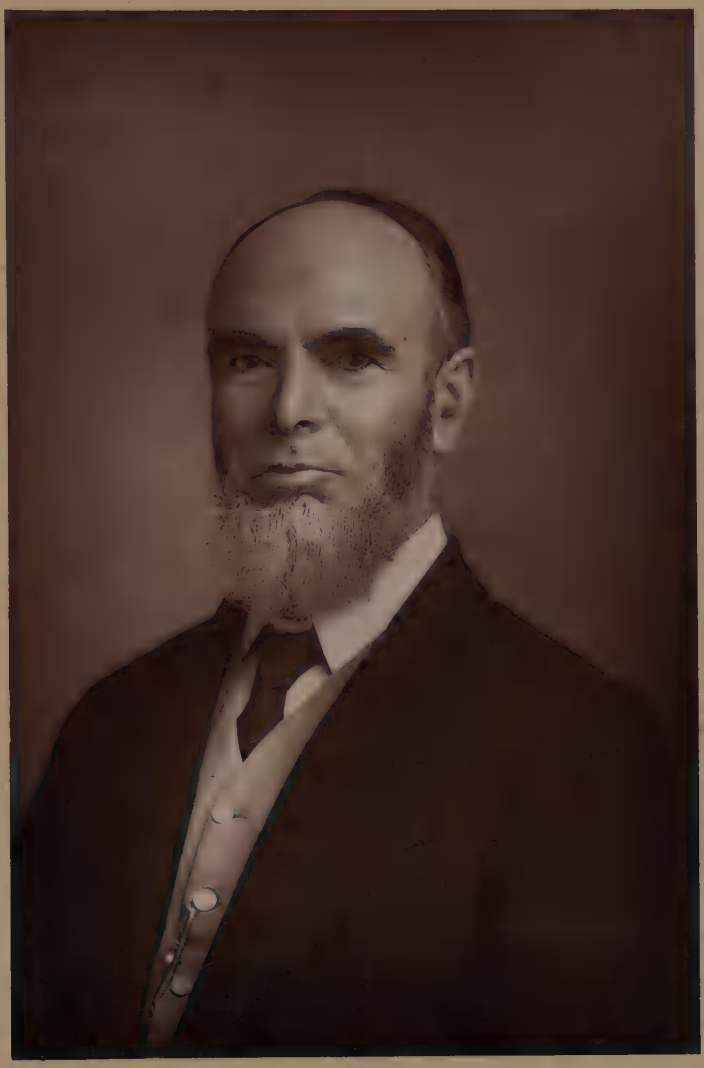
THAT the cobbler should keep to his last is an aphorism that would seem to carry but little weight with English actors of to-day. Mr. Irving in his orations; Mr. Tree in his lectures, and at least one story; and Mr. Terry in his sermon to the Church Congress, have all given evidence of the possession of other qualities than are required for the art of acting; while Mr. Weedon Grossmith and Mr. "Bernard Gould," and last, but by no means least, Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson are artists as well as actors.

The son of a well-known journalist, lecturer, and man of letters, Mr. Johnston Forbes-Robertson received an education admirably calculated to develop his versatile and striking talents. After passing some years at Charterhouse, he went to France and Germany, and acquired familiarity with foreign languages, whilst pursuing his regular studies and attending classes in various schools of art. By his father's desire, although himself stage-struck already, he took up painting seriously on his return, and was admitted presently to the Royal Academy School of Art. But he soon tired of the arduous apprenticeship, feeling, no doubt, that whereas it would take years for him to be a painter, he was an actor already.

His first appearance was as Chastelard in *Marie Stuart*, at the Princess's, and an engagement in a Shakespearian travelling company followed shortly after. It would be useless to enumerate the hundred and one parts which he has since filled, for his reputation may be said to date but from his assumption of the rôle of Dunstan Renshaw in *The Profligate*, in 1889. Indeed, success has seldom come to an actor so late in life as in the case of Mr. Forbes-Robertson. He had acted in every variety of characters—had portrayed "Sir Peter's whims and Timon's gall"—had taken part in comedy and tragedy, in melodrama, and in farce—and yet the brilliant qualities that are now acknowledged remained undiscovered—except in the solitary instance of the *Scarlet Letter*, at the Royalty, in which he depicted admirably the remorse of the self-torturing Arthur Dimmesdale. As the Profligate, to use the inevitable stock phrase, he took the theatre-

going world by storm. His next impersonation, the Baron Scarpia in *La Tosca*, may be said to have been an even greater success, and showed that he was entitled to take rank with Mr. Irving, Mr. Tree, and Mr. Willard, in the front rank of English actors; and it was generally felt that in this rôle, at least, he could not have been surpassed. *La Tosca* was too gruesome a play to entice great numbers, and Mr. Forbes-Robertson's next effort was a very convincing study of a selfish, weak-minded, unfaithful husband in *Dream Faces*. His next success was as Buckingham in *Henry VIII.* at the Lyceum. His delivery of the final speech on the way to execution was so admirable, his whole demeanour so graceful and dignified, his finely-chiselled pallid features so expressive of noble resignation, that even after the long play was over, more than two hours later, the pathetic figure of Buckingham bidding his friends farewell was present more strongly in the mind than those of the ruined Cardinal, the resplendent Henry, or the grief-stricken Katharine; and when the curtain fell on the first night it was for Mr. Forbes-Robertson that the loudest calls were heard.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson's *forte* will be found probably to lie in the impersonation of Shakespearian characters—although in Miss Mary Anderson's revival of *The Winter's Tale* at the Lyceum he was not very successful. It is to be hoped that he will soon have an opportunity of reviving his Romeo, with the assistance of some really fascinating Juliet. For the part of Julius Cæsar he is peculiarly fitted by a curious resemblance of features that may be noticed by those who are familiar with a certain bust of the great Roman in the *Louvre*. What a pity it is, by the way, that our actors of note never unite in producing some such play as *Julius Cæsar!* What a splendid performance might we have with Mr. Forbes-Robertson as Cæsar, Mr. Irving as Mark Antony, Mr. Willard as Brutus, and Mr. Tree as Cassius!



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MR. LEONARD COURTNEY.

W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

W. & D. DOWNEY, 57 & 61, Ebury Street, London.

MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH.

IT has been said with some truth concerning the differences in character between Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield that the former understands masses of men better than he does the individual, while the latter possessed a readier perception and knowledge of individual character. In other words Lord Beaconsfield was seldom disappointed in any estimate he had formed of any particular individual. Not only did he possess a remarkable capacity for discovering fresh talent in the ranks of his own party, but the men he selected as his colleagues were frequently those who in character and disposition were most unlike himself. Statesmen like Lord Cross and the late Mr. W. H. Smith have abundantly proved that their selection for high posts in the Government was justified, and that men of their especial type are towers of strength to any cause.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, another of the statesmen whom Lord Beaconsfield discovered, is a good example of the type of Englishman who, without any brilliant talents or exceptional oratorical powers, frequently rises to be Leader of the House of Commons. He is essentially a practical statesman, a first-class administrator, and a man of business. His career has been singularly free from the mistakes which almost every politician of eminence has recorded against him in the history of our own times. It would be difficult to find a politician so universally respected by all parties, while the personal sacrifices he has made for the sake of his own party have won for him a reputation which is all too rare in the House of Commons.

He was born in 1837, his father being Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, of Williamstrip Park, Gloucestershire. The family of Hicks is a very ancient one, and the name Beach was adopted by Sir Michael's great-grandfather upon his marriage with the only daughter and heiress of Mr. William Beach, of Netheravon, Wiltshire. Sir Michael was educated at Eton, and Christ Church, Oxford. At Oxford he took a first class in law and in modern history. He entered Parliament for the first time in 1864 as member for East Gloucestershire, and on the formation of a Conservative Government in 1868 he was appointed to

the Parliamentary Secretaryship to the Poor Law Board. In five months' time he was promoted to the Under-Secretaryship of State for the Home Department, and he remained at this post until the defeat of the Government in December, 1868. From 1869 to 1874 he took an active part in the debates of the House, and from 1870 to 1874 he was a member of the Royal Commission on Friendly and Benefit Societies. On the return of the Conservatives to power in 1874 he was appointed to the very responsible post of Chief Secretary for Ireland. Since his term of office the Irish Secretaryship has been held by several very distinguished men, who have certainly not found the position to be a bed of roses. One, at least, was wanting in tact, and another was too plainly sensitive to the violent attacks made upon him by the Irish members. It is to Sir Michael's credit that, in spite of being compelled by the exigencies of the time to introduce a strong Coercion Bill, he succeeded in a position where more brilliant men than he have been more or less unsuccessful. He never lost his head under the persistent attacks made upon him from the Irish benches, and with all his firmness and determination in upholding the law, he never failed in his courtesy towards opponents. In these latter days even Irish members have been known to look back with regret to the Chief Secretaryship of Sir Michael, and it may count for something to his credit that he went out of office without having been honoured by a nickname. In 1878 he left the Irish Office, and was made Secretary to the Colonies, succeeding Lord Carnarvon, who had resigned owing to differences with his colleagues on the Eastern Question. While he was at the Colonial Office the unfortunate Zulu war took place, but it is only fair to him to admit that if Sir Bartle Frere had not exceeded the instructions contained in Sir Michael's despatches, the war would never have occurred.

Lord Beaconsfield's Government was defeated at the General Election of 1880, and Sir Michael again went into Opposition, and for five years rendered valuable service to his party by his political work in the House and in the country. On the defeat of the Liberal Government in 1885 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer in the new Administration, and Leader of the House of Commons, Sir Stafford Northcote having been raised to the peerage under the title of Lord Iddesleigh. But his reign as Leader of the House of Commons was a short one. On the defeat of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Administration it was very evident that the most difficult post to fill in the new Government was the Irish Secretaryship. Since Sir Michael's first term of service at the Irish Office the post of Chief Secretary had increased considerably in importance,

so much so that it had come to be regarded as the most difficult, if not the most important, Cabinet office. With characteristic courage and self-sacrifice, Sir Michael returned to the post he once occupied with so much distinction. Much was expected of him, and it was a matter of general regret when, shortly after he had taken up the reins of office, he found it necessary to retire for a time from public life owing to failing eyesight. He was absent from the House of Commons for upwards of a year, and in 1888 he returned, re-entering the Cabinet as President of the Board of Trade. In 1891, when Mr. W. H. Smith's death caused the Leadership of the House of Commons to be again vacant, there were many who thought that in spite of the new star which had arisen in the political firmament, Sir Michael had special claims to the post. But he himself took a different view of the matter. Nobody doubted that he was speaking straight from his heart when he said at Stockton at the time the post was vacant: "I neither expect nor desire that the office should be conferred upon me."

He is the possessor of considerable property in Gloucestershire and Wiltshire, and is genuinely popular among his tenantry. Agriculture has always interested him extremely, and he is an ardent sportsman. He is perhaps lacking in what is called individuality, or rather in the power to impress his individuality upon others. But there are diversities of gifts, and in a House of Commons where individuality is sometimes in danger of becoming tiresome, it is no small benefit to the nation to have as one of the most prominent of its public servants a man like Sir Michael—of clear understanding, of excellent judgment, and of wide experience of men and affairs.

MRS. "ALEXANDER."

THE author of "The Wooing O't" is not the least distinguished member of the large band of lady novelists who, in our generation, have done so much to demonstrate that Nature, in the distribution of her mental gifts, is less partial as between the sexes than man in his vanity had supposed. That she makes the distribution with an absolutely equal hand it would be very bold to say—for is she not herself of the sex which finds it easier to be generous to man than just to itself? It may be that she reserves for him her highest gifts. It would not be easy to name more than three women who have established themselves in the front rank of English novelists, and of these only two can be said to have been "seized with" humour, and only one of the two in abundant measure. But it can no longer be doubted that of her lower gifts, as fancy, invention, sentiment, womankind has its full share.

Mrs. Alexander, though born and brought up in Dublin, has no Irish blood in her veins, but belongs to a West Country family, her maiden name being French—Annie French. In due time she gave up this name for another, being wooed and won by Mr. Alexander Hector, a Scotsman, not unknown in his day as a traveller, and as the pioneer of English commerce in Bagdad and Bushire. Her talent for letters does not seem to have manifested itself in early life. Residing chiefly in England and on the Continent—where she gathered a store of impressions and observations which was to be of the greatest service to her when she came to write—she occupied herself more with social activities than is compatible with serious and sustained mental work; and it was not till, with the death of husband and father, the diversions of life had lost their savour, that she took to her pen. She served her apprenticeship, so to speak, as a contributor to *Household Words*. Then, encouraged by the good opinions gained in this capacity, she, in 1866, attempted a novel, "Which Shall it Be?" That the venture was a comparative failure was scarcely a disappointment to her, for so little sanguine of success had she been that she brought out the book under a pseudonym, using her husband's Christian name for the purpose. Possessing her soul in

patience, she did not again present herself to the public as a novelist till seven years had gone by. But the interval had been well occupied, and when, in 1873, "The Wooing O't" appeared, having run through *Temple Bar* as a serial, it at once became evident that she had a considerable career before her. Since then, with three or four exceptions, not a year has passed without bringing with it a new book from her pen for the delight of her wide circle of readers; nor is there even now any indication of failing invention, industriously as the vein has been worked. We believe, however, that "The Wooing O't" still holds the field in point of popularity; and although Mrs. Alexander is understood to think more meanly of it than of some other of her works, we are not sure that the public estimate is erroneous.

The most censorious critic would have to give Mrs. Alexander the credit of knowing her capabilities, and never straining beyond them. In this sense, her work is as sincere as work could be. Having no talent for obscurity she has been content to write what any person of average intelligence can understand without study; and not hankering after the joys of victorious analysis, she has been satisfied to exercise her very pretty faculty of shrewd observation. If her invention is never audacious, it is generally ingenious and true to probability; and if she is not entitled to rank among the humorists, her dialogue is often piquant and amusing, and never dull. Her novels are novels of manners and sentiment, rather than of character and action; yet if we cannot claim for her the supreme glory of creativeness, it must be conceded that the persons of her stories are at least consistent with themselves; that she has succeeded in touching with interest and romance the drab and dreary life of the lower middle class; and that some of her heroines belonging to this class illustrate in happiest union the sense and sensibility which a greater than Mrs. Alexander has shown in separation.

MR. TOOLE.

"A FELLOW of infinite jest," if ever there lived one, is Mr. John Laurence Toole, the most famous comedian, it may almost be said, of the century, and off the stage a natural humorist, than whom Yorick himself could hardly have been more successful in setting the table in a roar.

Forty years have passed since "Johnnie Toole," as he is affectionately called, first made his appearance upon the stage. It was no less a personage than Charles Dickens who advised him to abandon the office desk at which he had taken up his position on leaving the City of London School, and to embrace the career in which early achievements in private theatricals had shown clearly that he was qualified to shine. His first engagement was at Ipswich, after which he made his first acquaintance—to be renewed later so often—with the play-going public of Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. It was in 1859—having already achieved considerable success—that Mr. Toole undertook the two rôles upon which must rest to a great extent his reputation as an actor, rôles in which his humour was blended with pathos, and in which he caused his audience not merely to "laugh till they cried," but to cry also in real earnest, the rôles namely of Bob Cratchit in *The Christmas Carol*, and of Caleb Plummer in *The Cricket on the Hearth.*

It would be impossible within our narrow limits to recall the numberless comedies and farces in which Mr. Toole appeared in the sixties and seventies. In 1874, prior to his departure for his first visit to America, he was entertained at a great farewell banquet at Willis's Rooms, at which Lord Rosebery, who was chairman, described the popular actor's humour as being "grateful alike to age and to youth and to childhood—to the genius and to the fool."

On his return he appeared at the Gaiety Theatre with immense success in *Tottles;* and in 1877 he made one of his greatest hits as Mr. Spicer Rumford in *Artful Cards*, one of his favourite parts. In the same year he appeared as Jacques Strop in *Robert Macaire*, and made of that timorous ruffian a character as utterly impossible as it was indescribably funny. In 1879 Mr. Toole opened the Folly Theatre with *A Fool and His Money;* and in 1880 he first gave his

admirable impersonation of Serjeant Buzfuz at a matinée performance of *Pickwick.*

Mr. Burnand's burlesque *Stage Dora* was the next important piece in which Mr. Toole appeared, followed almost immediately by *Paw Claudian*, in which, clad in a toga, sandals, and a white satin opera hat, and glorying in an ultra-Roman nose of magnificent proportions, he parodied the mannerisms of Mr. Wilson Barrett.

Perhaps Mr. Toole's absolutely funniest performances have been as *The Don*, and as Spriggins in *Ici On Parle Français*, both of which he has given over and over again of recent years. In *The Don* susceptibility to female charms was one of the principal characteristics that Mr. Toole had to bring out, as later, with hardly less success, in the hero of his most recent production, *Walker, London.*

Before starting for his expedition to Australia in 1890, Mr. Toole was treated—or should we say subjected—to a series of banquets such as would have ruined the digestion of any ordinary man, culminating in a farewell dinner given by the Prince of Wales at the Garrick Club, at which a large number of very distinguished guests were present.

Thinking of these banquets, and of the inexhaustible fund of wit and drollery from which Mr. Toole drew night after night, one feels that it would be difficult to determine whether he be funnier on the stage or off—as the after-dinner speaker, poking fun, say, at "friend Irving," or as the truant barber in *Walker, London*, evading his affianced bride. The reference to Irving affords an excuse for the recalling of one of Toole's most telling pleasantries—a pleasantry that has been so often retailed already that its author deemed it too stale for inclusion in the delightful *Reminiscences* which, with the aid of Mr. Joseph Hatton, he has given to the public, but which may yet be new to some. He had dreamed a dream, he told his audience one evening after dinner, his eminent fellow actor being present. He had dreamed that he was outside the gate of Paradise seeking admission, but that St. Peter barred the way; no actor, he said, could pass the gates of Paradise. But he had seen Irving enter a moment before, dissented Toole. "Irving!" exclaimed St. Peter, "Irving!"—imagine all Toole's power of facial expression called into play to simulate the apostle's astonishment—"Why, Irving's no actor."

Mr. Toole is always playing some practical joke or perpetrating some extravagant piece of drollery. The "museum" at his theatre—the result of his

Australian tour—is the most recent example of his boyish sense of fun, with that doctored photograph in which we see him represented bathing amongst a number of Maoris; and the stuffed kangaroo, "captured after a long struggle —with the lessee." One of Mr. Toole's most successful practical jokes is thus described in Mr. Frith's *Autobiography*. "At the close of a railway journey Mr. Toole was seen to be going through a performance with one of his gloves, which on a close observation appeared to be the stuffing of it with cotton-wool till it assumed the shape of a human hand. He then contrived to arrange it in front of his coat so that it should appear to be one of his own, and he placed his railway ticket between the fingers. The train stopped presently, and the usual cry, 'All tickets ready!' was heard. 'Tickets please,' said the guard, opening the door of the carriage. 'Take mine,' said Toole. The guard took the ticket and the hand as well! 'The guard was a robust person,' Toole is reported to have said, 'but he staggered back in a faint, calling feebly for smelling-salts!'"

A host of similar pranks are admirably narrated in Toole's own *Reminiscences*, one of the most amusing works of the kind ever published. In this volume we see Mr. Toole in every phase of his character; we see him studying character in the slums; masquerading as a policeman in the streets—and running away in his borrowed plumage from the genuine article; bewildering elderly gentlemen by feigned recognitions; playing practical jokes upon his friends; now presiding over a banquet in aid of the Theatrical Fund; now breakfasting with Mr. Gladstone and Professor Blackie—and buttonholing a policeman immediately afterwards "to bring himself down to the level of ordinary life"; day-dreaming in his dressing-room surrounded by the portraits of his friends and colleagues; descanting seriously and weightily upon his art; enjoying to the full all the delights of his happy home; bearing up manfully against the sorrows that rendered it desolate; ever the same genial, delightful, inimitable Toole.

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MR. J. L. TOOLE.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

FIELD MARSHAL HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS GEORGE William Frederick Charles, Duke of Cambridge, K.G., K.P., C.C.M.G., G.C.H., G.C.B., G.C.S.I., P.C., Commander-in-Chief, Ranger of Hyde Park and Richmond Park, is one of the best known men in London, not because of the titles to which he has been successively nominated during his long and active career, but because he represents by his continued assiduity as Commander-in-Chief at the Horse Guards, and his practical experience and common sense, the best interests of that branch of the service to which he has devoted his earnest attention for more than half a century. Though we frequently hear of the Duke of Cambridge in relation to public movements, we seldom find him publicly expressing opinions on subjects which have not some relation to the service, his constant duties to which claim not only complete, but often arduous attention. When he has to say a few plain emphatic words in response to a toast at a great banquet, or at a meeting where his sympathies lead him to support some worthy cause—his utterances are brief, practical, and to the purpose, as becomes a chief who has grown old in the service and has long ago been approved, both in the field and at the military council table.

His characteristic is steady perseverance in the business for which he is responsible, and from which he allows no other pursuit to attract his close and persistent attention. If this is not a valuable—an invaluable—qualification it would be difficult to name one, especially in times and in a country where, as His Royal Highness has often said, "as we cannot have a large army it is of the utmost importance that we should have one that is always efficient."

It is almost unnecessary to record that His Royal Highness is the son of Adolphus Frederick, the first Duke, and is, therefore, grandson of George III., and first cousin to Her Majesty the Queen. Of Adolphus Frederick, youngest son of George III., and father of the present Duke, there are still pleasant recollections among elderly people who can remember the days when wigs were still worn and charity dinners were held at the Old London Tavern in Bishopsgate Street, at some of which, as at other places for the same purpose,

the Duke of Cambridge was a welcome and efficient president. Indeed, the well-deserved reputation of the Duke was that of a pleasant good-natured man, rapid in speech, whether he spoke in English, French, or German; an unpretentious, kindly prince, a willing promoter of movements intended to ameliorate the condition of the people, and a patron of music and musical education—he himself having the distinction of being a capital singer. These accomplishments, added to the fact of his having done good service in the army in Flanders, made him popular. In 1814 he had been appointed Governor of Hanover (where the present Duke was born), and he held that position till 1839, when, on the death of William IV., the Duke of Cumberland succeeded to the Hanoverian throne.

Adolphus Frederick had, before the date of his return to England, passed through a somewhat adventurous experience in the army of Hanover, in which he was appointed a colonel, after having studied military tactics in Prussia. He served in Flanders under Marshal Freytag, and was wounded and taken prisoner, but was soon after rescued by the Hanoverians. He bore an active part in the Ardennes campaign under General Walmoden, and was conspicuous for his zeal and gallantry no less than for his conciliatory manners and excellent character. Attaining further military distinctions, and created a peer in 1801, His Royal Highness was raised to the rank of Field Marshal in 1813. In 1818, while ably directing the course of affairs in Hanover, the Duke was united in marriage to the Princess Augusta Wilhelmina Louisa, third daughter of the Landgrave Frederick of Hesse Cassel; and in the following year (March 26th, 1819) the Duchess gave birth to a son—the present Duke of Cambridge, who was educated for the army and became colonel in November, 1837, major-general in 1845. In 1850 he succeeded to the dukedom, and became lieutenant-general in 1854. In the latter year he was appointed to command the two brigades of Highlanders and the Guards united to form the first division of the army sent in aid of Turkey against the Emperor of Russia. The excellent advice of the Duke that a supply of Truman and Hanbury's porter should be sent out for the Guards will not readily be forgotten, and was an example of that special application of a knowledge of detail which, in preparing for a campaign, is of serious importance.

It was at the battle of the Alma that His Royal Highness gave evidence not only of his courage, by which he gained the confidence of the men of his division, whom he led into action, cheering them with voice and gesture,

but of his military ability, by which he secured the approval of the veteran officers who were engaged in the same severe conflict.

At Inkermann he was again in the action, where his horse was shot under him, but his health afterwards gave way under the vicissitudes of the campaign, and he was ordered to Pera, whence he returned to Malta, and thence to England, where he afterwards gave evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons on the manner of conducting the war.

In 1856 he was appointed general, and on the resignation of the late Viscount Hardinge was raised to the rank of Commander-in-Chief. In 1861 he became Colonel of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, and was promoted to be Field Marshal in 1862. He has been successively Colonel of the 17th Light Dragoons, and of the Scots Fusiliers, and after the death of the Prince Consort became Colonel of the Grenadier Guards.

On the 6th of April, 1887, the sympathies of the British people were everywhere expressed for the royal family, and particularly for the Duke, because of the lamented death of the Duchess of Cambridge, the mother to whom he was tenderly attached. The death of her husband in 1850 had been a deep grief to the royal family and to the nation, and the Duchess, who so long survived him, and lived to within a few weeks of her eighty-second year, had long resided in a cheerful suite of apartments in the Ambassadors' Court of St. James's Palace, where she received frequent visits from the Queen and members of the royal family, and almost daily visits from her son, who regarded her with deep affection and respect. Antoher great sorrow befell His Royal Highness in January of the following year—by the bereavement he sustained in the death of the lady known as Mrs. Fitzgeorge, who had long been his wife by morganatic marriage, and had gained the profound esteem and regard of all who were privileged to know the Duke in his domestic life. The deep grief experienced by His Royal Highness at the loss of one to whom he had been for such a long period devotedly attached was shared by his relatives of the royal family, and affected him deeply, though he was able in the following August to respond to the call of duty by attending at the new cemetery at Brussels—named after the little suburb of Evère—to unveil the fine monument erected there in memory of the British officers and men who fell in the campaign of Waterloo.

MISS DOD.

THE lady champion lawn-tennis-player, whose portrait we give here, comes from the North of England, her home being in Bebington, Cheshire. There Miss Dod has lived all her life, and there she has gained the wonderful skill which has placed her far beyond all her fair opponents. At the mature age of nine years she commenced the study of lawn-tennis, one of the finest of all English games, combining as it does scientific skill with thoroughly healthful exercise. But to trace in detail the lady-champion's career would simply mean to record a series of triumphs. It was in 1887, at the age of fifteen, that Miss Dod first proved her right to be regarded as the undoubted champion without rival of all lady-players; in that year she won the Irish, North of England, and United Kingdom Championships in Ladies' Singles, and, moreover, won all her games with consummate ease.

Indeed, Miss Dod may be said to stand quite alone among the lady devotees of the game of lawn-tennis: no other lady plays in quite the same way, no other volleys so brilliantly and well, and Miss Dod much more nearly approaches the standard of masculine play than any of her fair rivals. In 1888 Miss Dod again won easily, and in that year, too, she took part in a match which had special interest. Mr. E. Renshaw, one of the very finest of gentlemen players, undertook to play Miss Dod, conceding two points in every game. It was only after a prolonged exciting contest that he was able to win, and it may fairly be doubted whether a similar result would be obtained now that Miss Dod has had five years' experience. In 1889 and 1890 Miss Dod did not defend her title; rumour whispered at the time that the charms of yachting proved too great for the lady, or, perhaps, feeling confident in her own powers, she was content to give others a chance. Confident or not, the result in 1891 was such as to delight her most ardent supporters, for she again maintained her supremacy over all comers, and regained the championship. In 1892, at the Irish meeting, Miss Dod sustained her first defeat, since she held the championship, at the hands of one of her own sex, being beaten by Miss Martin. It is only fair to say,

however, that the Irish lady was materially assisted by the elements, a thunderstorm affording her much-needed rest at a critical period. But Miss Dod was amply avenged at the North of England meeting, and conclusively proved that her former reverse was an accident. At Wimbledon, Miss Dod was again an easy victor over her opponent, Mrs. Hillyard (*née* Miss Bingley).

What is the secret of Miss Dod's extraordinary success? It is, of course, very difficult to say; but we can readily affirm that it is due as much to correct judgment, to steady perseverance, as to physical superiority. Indeed, Miss Dod is by no means extraordinarily gifted with muscular strength, she is not particularly tall; but she is wonderfully active, and she recognises the great necessity for complete freedom of action while playing, and very sensibly adopts a costume which gives free play to her limbs. But, above all, in lawn-tennis, as in most other games, moral forces come into play; a tennis genius is undoubtedly one who has an infinite capacity for taking pains. There are brilliant erratic spirits in the lawn-tennis, as in other worlds, who may dazzle the untutored beholder by their extraordinary dash and vigour; but let the fortune of the game go against them for a while and they lose heart, commit most deplorable blunders, and seem to lose the capacity for playing at all. Miss Dod is not one of these; brilliant she undoubtedly is; but hers is no fitful brilliancy—it is rather a steady glow, which seems to grow brighter and more intense as victory succeeds victory, and triumph follows triumph.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR.

SIR LYON PLAYFAIR may yet present us with a book of reminiscences ; we hope, at any rate, that he will be prevailed upon to do so. There is a good deal of cant in these latter days of the triumphs of science, of the growing mastery of natural forces, of new care for human life and health, and the progress of public culture. But a few men, among whom he stands prominent, have, as the pioneers of social science, a sort of proprietary interest in the material advances of the Victorian era. They speak with authority, and not as the scribes of a catchpenny press. Sir Lyon, with the allotted three score years and ten some time spent, is still ardent in the service of his country. A retrospect such as his—stretching back from phonograph and telephone to that primitive tinder-box of which he spoke to the British Association at Aberdeen—would be of not inconsiderable value to us. Besides, who, if he could, would not save himself from the clutches of the industrious Mr. Smiles ?

On a certain occasion in the House of Commons, when the Irish spirit was still unbroken to our more decorous Saxon ways, Mr. Callan, one of Mr. Parnell's guerilla-band, shouted out to the occupant of the Chair, " Dr. Playfair, sir, I will not be dictated to by a Scotchman." But Sir Lyon is a Scotchman only in the sense that Mr. Forster was a Yorkshireman. Born in Bengal, he came to this country at an early age ; and a scientific bias—which was perhaps hereditary—led under Graham and Liebig (several of whose works he has translated into English) to his being definitely drawn into the department of chemistry. From the first fortune favoured him. In 1843, at the age of twenty-four, he was called from the management of a calico-printing works at Clitheroe to take the professorship of chemistry at the Royal Institution in Manchester, and he afterwards received in rapid succession the appointments of Chemistry Professor to the Museum of Practical Geology, Government Inspector of the Royal School of Mines, President of the Chemical Society of London, and the professorship of the same science at Edinburgh University.

It is hardly as a chemist, however, that he will be remembered. He has

spoken of himself as "a veteran sanitary reformer." After only a year at his Manchester post, when he was still but twenty-five years of age, he was named by Sir Robert Peel as a member of the Commission of Public Health appointed to examine into the sanitary state of the large towns of the country; and he published a long report on the subject which has been a basis of many subsequent reforms. He has made repeated efforts to secure a more rational administration of the Health Acts, especially with a view to making an end of the absurd dependence, under the present system, upon poor-law inspectors and lawyers, and the "vulgar distrust of the doctors," which is but a sample of the general mistrust of science in official circles. Sir Lyon was a member of the House of Commons Committee on Vaccination in 1871; and during the debate on the subject in June, 1883, he cast all the weight of his authority against the rebels of Leicester. As a member of the Cattle Plague Commission he issued in 1866 a report on "Cattle Plague in its Relations to Past Epidemics and to the Present Attack."

In the annals of industrial enterprise Sir Lyon Playfair's name will always be closely connected with the great Exhibitions which have been at once a motor and a mark of the commercial developments of the century, and especially with that of 1851. Between the extravagant hopes, on the one hand, and the multitude of objections, difficulties, and petty jealousies, on the other, to which the Prince Consort's proposal gave birth, the sober steady aid of Dr. Playfair, who visited all the manufacturing districts to enlist and organise public support, did not a little towards the ultimate assurance of success. For his services as Commissioner of the Juries he received the Companionship of the Bath and the post of gentleman-usher in Prince Albert's household. Again, at the London Exhibition of 1862 he was given charge of the department of juries. He has rendered special services to two of the largest industries of the country, which have been revolutionised by his suggestions. In 1844, in a joint memoir with Bunsen, he showed that nearly two-thirds of the fuel of iron furnaces was wasted, and described how the escaping gases might be brought down and utilised. This system is now universally adopted. In 1846 he suggested the petroleum industry, and afterwards that of paraffin candles, and induced his friend James Young to establish a manufacture for both. This is now the largest chemical industry in the world. At a recent exhibition the Scotch petroleum industry exhibited the original letters of Sir Lyon suggesting the industry between a bust of him in marble and another in paraffin!

But it is in the betterment of the educational machinery of the country

that Sir Lyon will leave the best monument to his genius. When many of the present generation of educationists were in swaddling clothes, he was proclaiming the promotion of scientific research and instruction to be the special duty of statescraft. Of course, it was always easy to laugh at a school system which seemed capable of producing nothing better than a race of "classical asses." But there is no narrowness in Sir Lyon's mental structure. He has no sympathy with the materialists who "can only see carbonate of lime in a statue by Phidias or Praxiteles." One has only to note the hundreds of historical, classical, and literary allusions which, with a wondrous ingenuity, he manages to crowd into his essays and addresses, to see the vital influence which art and æsthetics have had in the moulding of his own thought.

Sir Lyon Playfair's connection with Parliament and the administration has been closer than that of any of his fellow social-scientists. On the creation of the Department of Science and Art, his attainments were recognised by his appointment as secretary; and as long ago as 1856 he was acting as Inspector-General of Museums and Technical Schools. He did not enter Parliament till 1868, but then he rose speedily in the councils of the Liberal party. In 1873-4 he reigned over the big "office" at St. Martin's-le-Grand. In the latter year he became a Privy Councillor; he has recently become also one of the Council of the Prince of Wales; and he presided over the Civil Service Commission which produced the "Playfair Scheme." He was Chairman of Ways and Means and Deputy-Speaker from 1880 to 1883—a time when those offices were by no means sinecures. Dr. Playfair had to bear much of the brunt of the struggle with the obstructive forces gathered on the lower green benches, and we remember more than one occasion in which—though "badgered by Mr. Biggar, harried by Mr. Healy, and petrified by Mr. Parnell"—he succeeded in maintaining the dignity and authority of the Chair. Besides taking part in the proceedings preliminary to the banishment of the thirty-seven Irish members in February, 1881, Sir Lyon had a suspension drama on a rather smaller scale all to himself, in the following year. On his resignation of this troublesome office he received the Knight Commandership of the Bath. In February, 1886, he became Vice-President of the Committee of Council on Education, and in the following year he was Chairman of the Parliamentary Committee on the Endowed Schools Acts. He has been a member of many other commissions, he is a Fellow of the Royal Society and other learned bodies; and he has French, Austrian, Portuguese, and Swedish decorations, besides Scotch. German. American, and Canadian degrees.

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THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

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MISS DOD.

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THE RIGHT HON. SIR LYON PLAYFAIR.